

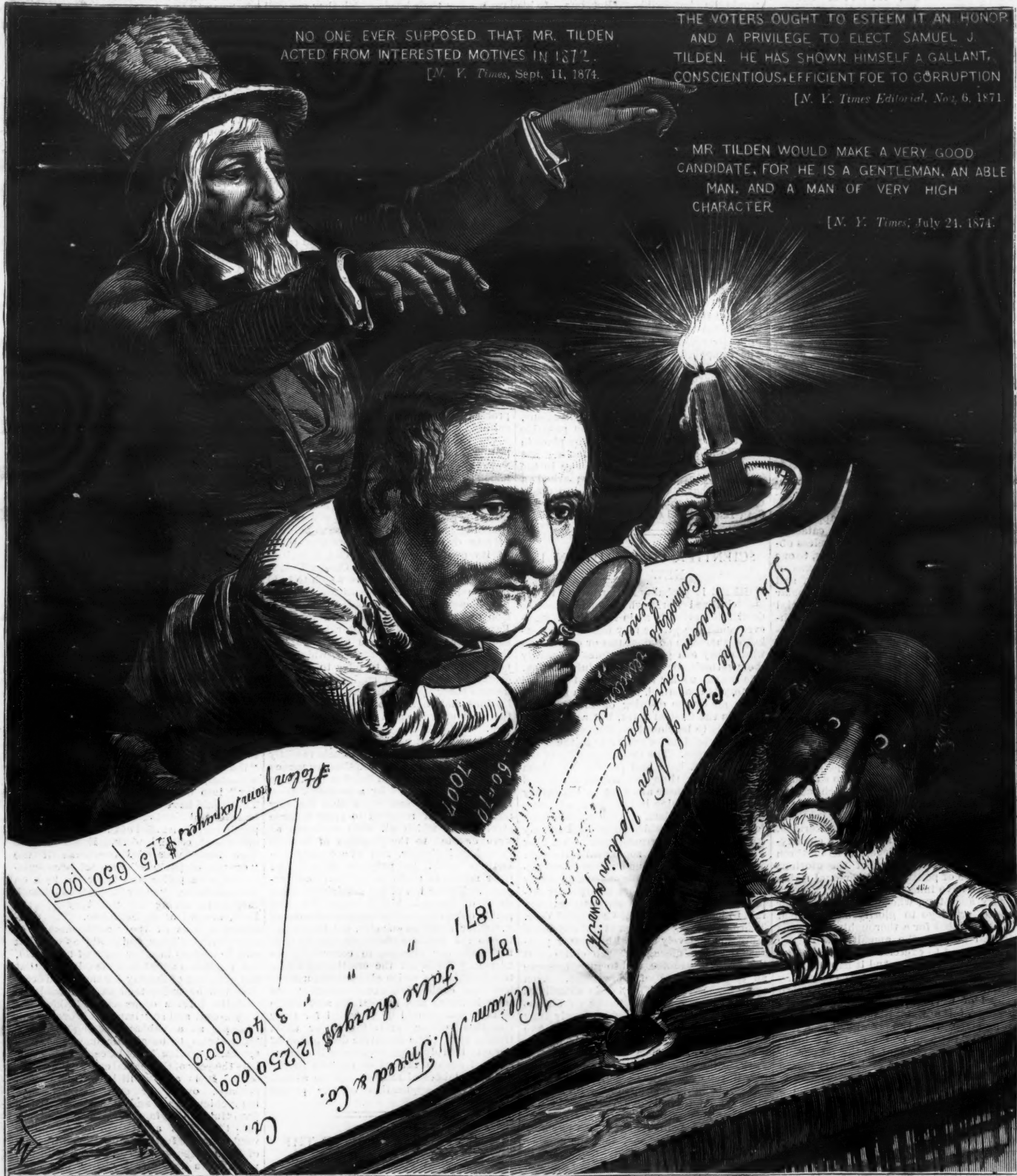
Beuch

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7. 1876.

[PRICE, WITH SUPPLEMENT, 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00]

[*N. Y. Times Editorial*, No. 6, 1871]



1872—1876.

HOW IT HAPPENS THAT TWEED IS NOW ON HIS WAY HOME FROM SPAIN.

MR. TILDEN, in 1872 (Examining the New York Ring accounts in the Broadway Bank)—“*Here I have the whole gang of robbers, self-convicted! It has cost me great labor, but I shall pursue them now to punishment, even though it takes years to accomplish, and oceans have to be crossed.*”

UNCLE SAM, IN 1876—"You have done a noble work, sir, and when your present engagement terminates I shall require you in my service."

Now Ready, Frank Leslie's POPULAR MONTHLY for September.—"What Shall We Do with Our Indians?" Our Indian Policy and How It Works—with numerous Illustrations. The cheapest, most instructive and best Magazine in America. Price 20 Cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
 NEW YORK, OCTOBER 7, 1876.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers . . . \$4.00
 One copy six months, or 26 numbers . . . 2.00
 One copy for thirteen weeks . . . 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address,
 \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

POSTAGE FREE.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest
 established illustrated newspaper in America.

SECURE, for the Centennial Year, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which will be furnished, with all its supplements, double numbers, extra sheets and editions which our Grand National Jubilee will call for, without extra cost, and delivered free at your post-office every week, by SUBSCRIBING NOW. You will thus secure a correct and reliable history and pictorial representation of all matters of interest incident to the International Exposition, as well as the events of the day throughout the world. Send \$4, with name and address, to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York, and the paper will be regularly mailed to you, postage paid, for one year.

POLITICAL PERTURBATIONS.

THE course of the Presidential canvass the present year has been so seriously disturbed by the Centennial celebrations, that the calculations of old political campaigners have been completely frustrated. The great field of the campaign, where the two contending forces ought to be fiercely engaged in slaughtering one another after the edifying style of the Turks and Serbs in Bulgaria, is Indiana; but the actual centre of attraction to the whole country at present is in Philadelphia. The crowds of sightseers who are wasting their energies on the banks of the Schuylkill, in West Philadelphia, ought to be at home in their Congressional districts engaged in making speeches or in listening to them, and in nerving themselves for the mighty struggle at the polls in October and November. It is probable that both parties, the Democratic and Republican—for we take no account of the Greenback Party with Peter Cooper at its head, or of Green Clay Smith, who leads the Temperance Party—are about equally affected by the Centennial Exhibition; so that the general result will not be materially changed by the great show.

The contest is really becoming tame, and instead of growing in fierceness and intensity, as has usually been the case in Presidential campaigns, the nearer we get towards the end, the less interest appears to be taken in the final triumph, or catastrophe, as the case may be. To a careless observer this may be a puzzle, but it is, to one who has closely studied the progress of events, a clear indication of a slow, and therefore of an abiding, change in popular feeling. Unquestionably the Centennial Exhibition has done much towards smoothing the asperities of our leading politicians, and bringing political antagonists into friendly and peaceable relations. General Hawley, for example, is a popular stump speaker, and in ordinary times he would be actively employed in stirring up the passions of crowds of listeners to his fluent denunciations of his political antagonists; but his official duties as President of the Centennial Exhibition will not permit him to do anything of the kind now. If Governor Tilden visits Philadelphia, President Hawley must be on hand to extend to him the friendly greeting to which, as the representative of the Empire State, he is entitled. The era of good feeling must not be disturbed by any partisan bickerings. In this Centennial Year we are all countrymen; we are dwelling together, as brethren should, in the enjoyment of the glorious inheritance of political and personal rights which we have inherited from our Revolutionary ancestors, whose memory it is our blessed privilege to glorify and cherish. We are unfitted for a thoroughly rancorous political fight by the amenities which we are compelled to exercise towards one another in Philadelphia. And it happens, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, that the State visits to the Centennial, instead of having been arranged at the opening of the Exhibition, are just now taking place, when the prominent men who must join in them ought to be at home working themselves up into the proper degree of excitement for preliminary action before the solemn act of quietly depositing their ballots in November. In arranging the programme for the Centennial celebration, no allowance appears to have been made for the exigencies of a Presidential campaign; and as Centennials come only once in a hundred years, and Presidential elections come around every four years, the people think that the Centennial is better entitled to their attention and their sympathies than the elections.

But, notwithstanding the attractions of the great show in Philadelphia, there is

some attention bestowed upon political affairs, and a fierce war is carried on in Indiana and Ohio, for it is generally conceded on all sides that the result of the election in those two States next month will virtually decide the contest in November. The "campaign of infamy" in this city, where the great object of the Republican organs appears to be to show that Governor Tilden did not pay the full amount of income-tax to which he was legally subject, has been languidly conducted, and it is conceded that the attempt has completely failed. Governor Tilden could not himself take notice of such a charge without making the humiliating confession that his character was not in itself sufficient to repel so absurd an accusation. If he attempted to answer or disprove one such charge, it would be equivalent to making a confession of judgment in all the other cases that he did not refute. It would be to invite slanders by attempting to disprove them, and they would be sure to multiply to such a degree that reply to them would be impossible. But one of his intimate personal and political friends, Judge Sinnott, who had opportunities for knowing the truth, has published a reply to the income-tax charges, which, in a satisfactory manner, completely exonerates the Governor, and establishes his innocence. Fair-minded and intelligent Republicans have accepted Judge Sinnott's explanations, and no longer profess to believe in the charges which unscrupulous members of their own party made against the Democratic candidate. Even so thoroughly a partisan journal as the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, the leading Republican journal of New England, after a thorough examination of the subject, has the candor and honesty to say that the explanations of Judge Sinnott are "complete, explicit, and in the main satisfactory." This opinion of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* may be accepted as the judgment of the respectable part of the Republican journals in all parts of the country.

With the disappearance of the income-tax slander against Governor Tilden, the field seems to be freed from all obstacles to a Democratic triumph in November. The campaign will now be carried on as it was begun, between the party of Corruption and the party of Reform, and there will be no time left for bringing any extraneous questions into the controversy. We have no disposition to make any predilections, but there can be no denying the palpable fact that a great change has taken place in the West, and that popular feeling has shown itself in favor of a change in the National Government in so marked a manner, that little cause exists to doubt the success of the Democrats in October in both Indiana and Ohio.

SCIENTIFIC DESTITUTION IN NEW YORK.

THERE is probably no large city in the civilized world where such scientific destitution prevails as in New York. However much the people may thirst for knowledge, there are no museums or collections where they can go at all times to gratify their curiosity or add to their information. The want, so far as a study of Natural History is concerned, is to be in a measure over-me by the opening of the new Museum in the Central Park, but as this collection is to be closed on Sundays, it can hardly be said to be available to the mass of our citizens. The Commissioners of the Central Park have had presented to them from time to time a variety of birds and animals, and these are kept in temporary houses, but nothing in the nature of a zoological garden exists, and the animals look forlorn and miserable, quite in harmony with their cheap surroundings. That New York should have no zoological collection, suitably housed and under competent administration, with ample space and every provision for the comfort and proper display of the animals, is an extraordinary fact to be published in our Centennial Year. There is nothing to which everybody takes more instinctively and with greater pleasure than to a menagerie. To children it is a perfect paradise, and to grown people an endless source of amusement. Even the "moral drama" which is sometimes inflicted upon a much-enduring public has fewer attractions, and would scarcely draw a good audience without the aid of the live animals to act as a more powerful magnet. The zoological collection in the Central Park, although scarcely a recognized feature in the eyes of the Commissioners, and, in fact, being looked upon as a literal live elephant on their hands, is, nevertheless, made the most of by its director, Mr. Conkling, and we learn from the report made by him to the Commissioners that the number of visitors to the scanty collection is greater than is ever seen at the famous gardens of London or Paris. Thousands of people visit the small area set apart for the animals every day in the Summer season, and it has been after witnessing the gratification expressed by these people that

some of our more enlightened citizens have frequently discussed the propriety of founding a zoological garden worthy of the metropolis and corresponding to the great demand for such a place of recreation and instruction. Still nothing has ever come of any of these projects, and our destitution in this particular remains the same. It is to be hoped that another year will not be allowed to pass without decided steps being taken to establish a garden on enlightened principles, and especially to have it open on Sundays, when the poor people and their families can have the opportunity for some innocent relaxation from the everlasting cares and labors of the week. We need not, however, go so high up-town as the Park to find illustrations of the scientific destitution that prevails in our city; it is only necessary to make search for the local habitations and the headquarters of the various societies and organizations which meet to discuss abstruse questions of science or further some important public good, to learn that scarcely any of them have any roofs over their heads which they can call their own, or can keep down their expenses within their incomes. Take, for illustration, the Lyceum of Natural History, now changed in name to the New York Academy of Sciences. Nearly every man of science in the city belongs to this institution. It publishes learned proceedings and carries on exchanges with all of the scientific bodies of the globe, and its library is one of the most valuable in the city; yet this academy has no hall of its own in which to store its collections and libraries, and it can with difficulty raise the necessary income to pay expenses. The Geographical Society—which a few years ago was turned into the streets, and but for the generosity of Peter Cooper, who gave it house-room, and the strenuous efforts of Judge Daly, who sounded the note of alarm and called around him enough citizens to form a body-guard, would have been swept out of existence—although now rejoicing in a large number of members and enjoying great popularity on account of its interesting public proceedings, is without a house and rooms of its own where its valuable library and unequalled collection of maps can be properly guarded and opened to consultation and use. A few citizens have recently come forward to subscribe to a fund for the purchase of a hall for the Geographical Society, and it is probable that in the course of the year a suitable building will be procured.

We read in the papers of instructive lectures being delivered before the New York Association for the Advancement of Science, but cannot find the hall in which they have their headquarters. The Ethnological Society has long maintained a struggling existence, and its interesting meetings have been held in private dwellings, but a dwelling-place of its own it has not. The American Institute hires rooms of the Cooper Union, and rents a frame-building in which to hold its annual fair. The American Philosophic Society took refuge under the protection of the American Institute, and the Farmers' Club, the Horticultural Club, and the Polytechnic Club, are also a part of the brood of a parent society, which has no shelter of its own to offer to its children. Architects and engineers, and numerous other specialists, have their organizations and their meetings, but none of them can afford to own a building of their own. The question is, whether this state of things is not a disgrace to our city? The Geographical Society of Paris recently started out with a subscription for money to purchase a site and build a hall. The agents were stopped by a message from the mayor, who sent word that the city authorities had resolved to erect a large structure in which all such societies as were devoted to the progress of science should find shelter, and where their collections could be properly stored, and their meetings could be held without expense. The action of the municipal authorities of Paris is highly suggestive, and points out a way for the accomplishment of a similar result in our city, not by appealing to the public authorities, but by calling upon our citizens to contribute the necessary funds for the erection of a central building in which all of the houseless societies could find accommodation for their libraries and collections, and where suitable halls would be provided for their meetings, either gratuitously or at a trifling rent. The scientific destitution of our city is truly great, and there is earnest need of such a revival of interest in the unselfish labors of men of science as will lead to the application of the proper remedy.

GENERAL NEWTON AND THE SABBATARIANS.

THE Sabbath question, as it is called, has reappeared of late on two quite important occasions. In the latest case it has been attended with very curious circumstances. First there was the agitation

about the opening the Centennial Exhibition on Sunday. This was settled by the Commissioners adversely to the demand therefor. The decision was right enough perhaps, considering the extensive American prejudice against Sunday shows. The unreasonable element in the controversy, however, to the historically disposed mind, was the persistent wrongheadedness with which the Sabbatarians—Christians, as they are—always seem to cling to Judaism in this matter. Old Testament and New appear to be all the same to them in discussing the subject. Though the names "Lord's Day" and "Sunday" came in with Christianity, they are still treated as outlandish by the Sabbatarians in comparison with that of "Sabbath," which, if it did not go out with Judaism, belongs properly to it and describes the seventh-day of the week, still kept by the Jews, and not the first day, kept by ninety-nine Christians in a hundred.

The latest and most curious case, however, of this illogical persistence in mistaken religious nomenclature and of illiberal persistence in imposing an Old Testament observance of the Jewish Sabbath, on a mistaken day, upon quiet Christians, who have necessary work to do or needful recreation to take, has been the protest against General Newton's blowing-up Hallett's Point Reef on Sunday. The day was certainly "made for man," and not man for it, quite as much as the Jewish Sabbath was declared to be. The work of which this blast, so successfully accomplished, has been the culmination, had grown to be one not only of a world-wide interest to scientific engineers, but of a practical interest that might be called national, and hardly second, for the time being, to that attending the Great Exhibition itself. The severe labor, patience and cautious daring of years was nearing its reward in completion, upon a week-day, when no moral disturbance would have been added to the physical one. But contractors have a way of unpunctuality with them. The last necessary explosives were not forthcoming promptly. The delay forced General Newton from his chosen day of explosion. Sunday was the first one thereafter that would give him the requisite time to charge, prime and flood his gigantic mine, which was to yield one of the greatest of the victories of peace. The necessary high tide by daylight, for the safe ignition of his twenty-five tons of dynamite, that was to open a new way to the commerce of the country, did not serve until Sunday. What was he to do? Was he to keep two or three cities, and, to a degree, the whole country, in a sort of absurd suspense for another twenty-four hours, instead of having an end to the matter with a spark which was ready and willing in an instant to complete the work of long and anxious months? Was he to endure, himself, another day of needless care, with the chances of lightning, or some other exploding cause, added? Some excellent, no doubt, but narrow-minded Christians said he must.

The way in which the New York Sabbath Committee, as it styles itself, endeavored to stay General Newton's hand as it was about to touch the small key which was to do so little harm and such a vast destructive benefit was as curious as this collision itself between scientific and industrial progress and the ideas of a dispensation nearly two thousand years past. The gentlemen of the committee confess themselves "aware of the importance of having no delay in this matter," and yet they "urge" that some other day be chosen because of "the great crowds of persons" that will be attracted, and because of the "noisy holiday" into which the day will be turned. This would have been rather more pertinent had General Newton been the keeper of the public morals instead of the engineer of the great and critical work. It would have been more wise and courteous if the "crowds of persons" had not been competent, with police assistance, to look on without being "noisy"; just as though they were taking the "holiday" in the Park, instead of at Hell Gate. The committee speaks of the "achievements of engineering science and skill" as one that will be noticed in other parts of the world, but it gives to that fact the odd turn that the choosing of Sunday for the grand occasion will be understood as in accordance with the foreign usage which makes that a gala-day, and so "impair the force of our example as a Sabbath-keeping people." This seems to be a little unceremonious towards "foreign" people, considering that it is the year of Centennial courtesy towards such. It is also a little self-righteous, perhaps, over our own Sabbath-keeping achievement, and it is a good deal forgetful of the fact that such evangelical Christians as Calvin and Luther went much further in the direction of Sunday sports than quietly looking on while a work of great utility was completed by the aid of natural forces which did not refuse to co-operate on that day. The committee closes with compliments to the General, and the General pauses in his labors to assure them, by letter, that

necessity only causes him to make use of the Lord's Day, as he calls it.

The correspondence just described, however, is not the end of General Newton's troubles. The Sabbath Committee, not satisfied with his assurances, pursues the Secretary of War on his tour of military inspection at the West, with a dispatch requesting that the General be ordered not to "shock the moral sense of the community," and the reef at the same time, by his electricity, let off on Sunday. And, finally, as if to rob a much-harassed man of his last ounce of patience, one of New York's most noted Sabbatarian citizens writes him a long lecture, which is immediately published, accusing him of getting up a Sunday steamboat excursion, when he had merely told a subordinate to invite the Chamber of Commerce to witness the consummation of a work in which that body has a special interest. It is not strange that General Newton was tempted to send, as he did, a spark of intellectual electricity through the ill-judged remonstrance, or that it was a question with many whether the exploding of that or of the obstructive reef were the more brilliant performance.

PLEASURES OF AUTUMN.

WHEN the trees of the forest begin to put on their most gorgeous apparel, and glimpses of crimson and gold light up the gray hillsides, the city folk settle their scores at the rural hotel and hie themselves towards the dominion of horse-cars and the opera. They leave the country when it is at its prettiest and when the cool, fresh air of Autumn invites to exercise and the pursuit of pleasure. For most of them the partridge drums under the maples in vain, the pickerel flashes through the waters unseen, and the rabbit fattens without fear of the shot-gun. They know not the delights of the husking-bee, the pleasures of a quilting party, with its subsequent dish of tea and gossip, the excitement of a hunt for chestnuts, or the still wilder dissipation of attendance on a political meeting in the village school-house. From all these sights and sounds the fashionable sojourners for the Summer in rural parts are debarred. Some few of them may have faint remembrances of such things as occurring in their youth, but they have set no store by them, and so they have ceased to attract. Simple pleasures pall on an appetite accustomed to the seasoned food of society in a great city. Yet one may well pause for a moment to envy those who can throw their whole souls into a frolic in a dimly-lighted barn and close their wildest night of dissipation by ten o'clock. When the stranger pulls his curtain at that hour in the tavern of a small hamlet, he sees the lights extinguished and the population wrapped in slumber, and turning with a sigh to the bed which sleep will not visit for hours, he asks himself which plan is the best. Yet in the morning, when the bright sunshine has put an end to moralizing, he will be very apt to take his carpet-bag in his hand and hurry to the depot with muttered words about a place that is as dull as a graveyard.

It must be admitted that the city has its Autumnal pleasures to offer as well as the country. True, its avenues of brick and stone are very stately, not to say stiff, but their windows afford many sweet glimpses of domestic life and pictures of fireside comfort. On every block are glimpses of rosy children, whose bright eyes and graceful figures make up in part for the loss of tree and flower. The hum of business and sound of multitudes astir have in them something that quickens the pulses and sets the better part of life in motion. One cannot be a sluggard under such influences—at least, not if he has any life in him. Nature's book lies open before him every hour and at every turn; not the book of leaf and insect, but of humanity in all of its conditions. He who stands in one of our thoroughfares and watches the busy throng sweep by him, will find in a day the food for a year's study. When Autumn comes, with its reviving energies and quickened activities, the fairest page of this volume is opened. The view is kaleidoscopic. In the marts of commerce, in the public parks, on the fashionable boulevards, on the streets that are thronged by the tenement-house population, where the ferries shoot out their tens of thousands, where the leisurely pedestrians saunter along at their elegant ease—at every turn the scene is different. Freshened up by the active air of Autumn, the picture is always thoroughly enjoyable. Though it seems to be a contradiction of terms, Summer is the Winter season of the city, since at that time it is stripped of much of its adornment. Autumn always brings about a resurrection to fresh glories.

The feminine mind finds its own peculiar enjoyments at this season. It dotes on novelties, and it has them. Novelties in millinery and modes, in goods and patterns, in the thousand little details of which the masculine mind for ever remains in blissful ignorance. At every shop-window there is

something to admire, and in every new costume upon the street there is something that requires a backward glance. "Seeing the fashions" is an amusement as endless as the columns that promenade our thoroughfares and as varied as human tastes. But let it not be supposed that the mind of woman is wholly given to dress. Far from it. That is for amusement and excitement, and a little work for nimble fingers. But Autumn has other pleasures for the city dame, to flush her cheek with the roses of health and lighten the burden of her household cares. The ride or drive to the Park in the early October morning is like a taste of Eden. The air is sweet and clear, the dew sparkles on grass and shrub, and a golden glory is spread over all the foliage. The sudden change from brick and mortar to rural surroundings is like the work of an enchanter, and even customs does not break the spell. So is it, too, at nightfall, when the lingering sheen of sunset falls on the throngs who seek out great breathing-places in search of enjoyment. If something more exciting is needed, the racecourse and the regatta afford it. In the crisp air of the Fall months one can duly appreciate these sports, and the presence of woman lends an addition charm. Now, too, the libraries and art-galleries open their doors with fresh attractions; the theatres make startling announcements of sensations; trade brings its thousands of visitors from other cities; the newspapers at last have "something in them," and the preachers have returned with a newly-garnered crop of ideas. What more would one have by way of novelties? "Why should I stay in the country," expostulates the city dame, "when Autumn offers all those attractions to me at home?"

Expressions of sympathy between town and country residents are absolutely wasted. Each locality offers its attractions, and certainly neither are more enjoyable than now. He who cannot be happy under the harvest skies may as well give up his search for enjoyment. Rightly do our domestic holidays follow this season which nature has so admirably fitted to bring happiness to all. Through pleasant pathways we are led on to the hallowed merriment of Thanksgiving Day and Christmas, and our hearts are attuned beforehand to a proper pitch of enjoyment. Well might we paraphrase Sancho Panza's exclamation, and cry, "Heaven bless the man who invented Autumn!"

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 23, 1876.

Monday.....109%	Thursday.....110	@ 109%
Tuesday.....110	Friday.....109%	@ 110
Wednesday.....110	Saturday.....110	@ 110%

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE NICARAGUAN CANAL.—The Nicaraguan route for an inter-ocean ship canal between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans having been determined upon as most feasible, negotiations will be promptly entered into between our Government and that of Nicaragua looking to the construction of the canal, and treaties will be proposed to the principal foreign powers upon the general basis of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, guaranteeing the neutrality of the canal, etc. That treaty is regarded as being liberal in its provisions, and only requires amplification to insure the construction of this great work in the interest of all powers. Prominent officials of the Government, who have been closely connected with surveys for such ship canal, express the opinion that an undertaking of such magnitude could not be constructed by any private company of individuals, no matter how wealthy and well-known, from the fact that many years must elapse before dividends could be declared, and it would require a capital of nearly one hundred million dollars to complete it. The estimated cost is \$65,722,137, but several practical engineers who have examined the route express the opinion that the many obstacles to be encountered will increase the cost to nearly the first named sum. At least five years of hard work will be required to complete the canal, and should it be constructed under the control of leading Governments it is believed the work would not be delayed for want of funds to prosecute it. The total length of the canal by the Nicaraguan route will be about 61½ miles. To this is to be added sixty-three miles of slack-water navigation, by way of the San Juan River, and fifty-six miles across Lake Nicaragua, making a total distance from ocean to ocean by lake, slack-water navigation and canal of about 180¾ miles.

THE TIDE TURNING.—According to the *London Times* the immigration to this country from Great Britain is nearly, if not fully, counterbalanced by the number of persons who are steadily returning to that country from America. The *Times* says: "The commercial crisis and depression of business in the United States may have had much to do with this observed result, which it would be rash to consider as other than a temporary modification of the main tendencies of population changes; but it justifies the observation that either the number of emigrants who have gone to the United States for permanent settlement has diminished recently, or their place has been taken by emigrants of an older date or native-born Americans coming to the country. It is significant enough that last year the inward current almost precisely equalled the outward in volume. More than 81,000 persons left our shores for the United States, and more than 80,000 returned from the United States to the British Isles." Signor Boselli, Deputy in the Italian Parlia-

ment, has been making a speech to his constituents at Savona, on the occasion of a festival of industry. These are some of his words: "The condition of the laborer in the republic of Switzerland, as in the constitutional monarchy of Holland, is good. In the republic of the United States, as in the constitutional monarchy of England, the condition of the laborer is not good. The America described by De Tocqueville no longer exists. In America the excess of moral culture withdraws the citizen from manual labor. All wish to be shopkeepers or clerks, and, rather than engage in manual labor, prefer to leave the places where they were born. Republican institutions do not suffice to render the laborers content. The American workman is worse off than the English. The hours of labor are excessive, and there is an absence of laws to regulate the matter. The worst of aristocracies, that of wealth without traditions, armed with a monopoly of government, presses upon the poorer classes, while great corporations create a new sort of feudalism, which we hope will not come at last to corrupt the institutions and oppress the laborers of other countries."

HUXLEY'S LECTURES.—Professor Huxley delivered three lectures in New York on September 18th, 20th, 22d, on his special theme of Evolution. His first lecture was devoted to a survey of the various theories, Biblical and others, hostile to the evolution doctrine. The Mosaic account of the creation Professor Huxley characterized as the Miltonic theory, for the purpose probably of discussing it with greater freedom. In his second lecture he presented evidence which, though favorable to evolution, was not demonstrative of its truth. His last lecture was devoted to producing material which, in his view, was of the nature of positive truth. He took his illustration of the developing theory from the horse. He displayed a series of anatomical specimens and diagrams, by the aid of which he showed that the horse has really, in his bony structure, ten fingers and toes, all but two of each of which are rudimentary, and he also dissected the changing peculiarities of the teeth of horses. The horse then had the same number of toes or fingers as most other mammals; and we have a series of fossil remains of the horse species through which we can trace the progress of the changes by which the horse was finally differentiated, as we now find it, from other mammals. In the equine skeleton of the pliocene formation, there were three toes of the horse's foot nearly uniform in size; or still earlier, in the miocene period, the three leading toes were still more nearly equal in size, while the two rudimentary ones were better developed than at a later time. Only so far, until a few years ago, did our knowledge of the modifications of the horse's foot extend; and the succession of changes up to that point was exactly that required by the hypothesis of evolution. Recently an important addition to our knowledge in this line was made by Professor Marsh, of New Haven, who has found in the miocene and eocene formations of our Western Territories the remains of a far earlier type of horse than had been heretofore known to exist. This newly discovered type had four entire toes, and but one rudimentary, and we are evidently in the way of the discovery of the fossil remains of the five-toed horse. This, then, is demonstrative evidence of the truth of the hypothesis of evolution, which rests on as secure a foundation as modern astronomy. There was no evidence that these different forms of the horse were created separately from each other through the ages of time. Professor Huxley briefly discussed the apparent contradiction between the conclusions of astronomers and those of geologists as to the duration of time during which life had existed on this planet; but with these arguments he had nothing to do. He concluded by saying that this subject, as a whole, was one to be treated, not with eloquence, but with patience.

TWEED'S CAPTURE.—The following are the particulars of Tweed's arrest, the chief points of which have been received by telegraph: On Thursday, Sept. 7th, Mr. Adey, United States Chargé d'Affaires, left Madrid on important business for La Granja, the Summer residence of the King and Government. On Friday morning an announcement appeared in the Madrid papers that Wm. M. Tweed had arrived at Vigo, and had been arrested by Government orders, but without details. In July last it was found Tweed was in Santiago de Cuba, having passed there from Havana. General Jovellar was applied to by the American Consul to have Tweed secured and sent to the States. Jovellar was quite willing, even in the absence of an extradition treaty, to oblige the American Government in return for their courtesy in the Arguelles case years ago. Tweed, in Santiago, advised of impending danger, sailed on the 27th of July for Vigo, Spain, in the sailing-vessel *Carmen*. General Cushing was notified, and sounded the Spanish Government, and found them willing to arrest Tweed and return him to Cuba or to deliver him to the American Consul. Every precaution was taken by the Spanish Government to secure Tweed in any port of Spain or coast line; orders were issued to the local authorities, especially those of the Vigo and Galician coast. On the 6th of September, after a long passage of forty-one days, the *Carmen* hove in sight of Vigo, and was immediately boarded by the Governor of Pontevedra, who at once recognized Tweed from photographs in his possession. He was found inscribed under the name of Secor, and accompanied by a certain William Hunt, whom he called his nephew. Both were immediately secured and thrown into *calabozo* under strong guard, but were subsequently removed to a fortress in Vigo, under command of the Captain-General. Tweed's luggage was seized and sealed. The appropriation made at the last session of Congress for bringing home from foreign countries persons charged with crimes, and expenses incidental thereto, was only \$5,000; but it will be unnecessary to expend any of this sum to bring Tweed and Hunt from Spain, as the United States steamer *Franklin* had been ordered home from the European squadron just previous to their arrest, and not having sailed when the information of the arrest was

received by the State Department, she was ordered to proceed to Vigo and take them on board, by the Acting Secretary of the Navy, at the request of the Secretary of State. Had no Government vessel been under orders to return to the United States, it would have been necessary to send officers for Tweed and his companion, and some expense, as well as delay, would have been incurred in having them brought home.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.

The rifle teams were honored with a banquet in New York, Mayor Wickham presiding.

REAR-ADMIRAL PENNOCK, U. S. N., died at Portsmouth, N. H., on the 20th, aged 62 years.

A TREATY for the Black Hills was signed by a portion of the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

GENERAL O. E. BARCOCK was put on trial for complicity in the safe burglary infamy at Washington.

THE Blackfeet Indians declined a proposition of the Sioux to unite in a general massacre of the whites.

LAFAYETTE GROVER, Democrat, Governor of Oregon, was elected to the United States Senate on the 22d.

In the New York Yacht Club regatta, on the 19th, prizes were won by the *Idler*, *Peelias*, *Gracie* and *Madcap*.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY delivered a series of lectures on "Evidences of Evolution" in Chickering Hall, New York, last week.

AN answer to the charges relating to Governor Tilden's income-tax, signed by A. S. Hewitt and Judge Sinnott, was made public.

JOHN D. LEE, the alleged leader of the Mountain Meadow massacre of 1857, was found guilty of murder in the first degree.

SITTING BULL is reported to be marching rapidly upon Fort Sully, which is defended by skeletons of a few regiments under General Bull.

OFFICERS of the Secret Service discovered that many important witnesses against a large gang of counterfeiters have been assassinated in Alabama.

THE second return match between the American and Irish rifle teams was shot at Creedmoor, September 21st, and was won by the former by a score of 1,165 to 1,154.

GENERAL CROOK, with a command of fresh troops, and aided by General MacKenzie, of Texan border fame, is to start upon another expedition against the Indians.

LITTLE MAY, daughter of General Newton, fired the great mine at Hell Gate at 2:50 on Sunday afternoon, September 24th. The explosion was a great success, and occasioned no destruction of life or property.

THE annual session of the Grand Lodge of the United States I. O. O. F. was held in Philadelphia, on Wednesday, September 20th. There was a parade of Lodges and Encampments from all parts of the country.

In an accident on the Pan Handle Railroad, at Black Lick Station, on the 22d, four cars jumped the track and rolled down an embankment thirty feet high. Four persons were killed outright and thirty-five seriously injured.

Foreign.

THE Serbian troops declared the abolition of the Constitution and the conferment of absolute authority on Prince Milan.

THE Venezuela Government has prohibited the importation of silver coin, in order to establish the national coinage.

At an immense popular meeting in London, the Eastern policy of the British Government was severely condemned.

THE Spanish authorities have consented to deliver Tweed to the officers of the United States steamship *Franklin*, which will take him to the United States.

THE city of Zacatecas, Mexico, was captured, August 24th, by the insurrectionists under Garcia de la Cadena, and reoccupied by the Government troops on the 28th.

A DISPATCH from Bel-trade says the plague has broken out among the Turks before Alexinsatz. They are compelled to change their positions every three days and burn their tents and huts.

SEVERAL large firms, British subjects, have been embargoed in Havana for non-payment of war taxes for the current year, and another firm paid the tax under threatened execution and sale of their property.

NUMEROUS meetings held throughout England to consider the Eastern Question have passed votes of thanks to Mr. Schayler, of the American Legation at Constantinople, for the promptitude of his report on the Bulgarian atrocities.

SERBIANS complain that the Turks violated the armistice at Yankova and Kiousoura, burned and destroyed Saltschar, and crossed the river Timok. In consequence the Serbians reoccupied their former position on the west bank of the Drina.

THE Hon. T. F. Freemantle (Conservative) was elected to the House of Commons from Buckinghamshire, to fill the vacancy caused by the elevation of Mr. Disraeli to the peerage, receiving 2,725 votes against 2,539 cast for Mr. Carrington (Liberal).

THE Great Powers have assented to the English proposals of a basis of peace between Turkey and the Christian provinces of the Ottoman Empire. The Porte is said to be in favor of a formal armistice, but the war feeling in Serbia still runs high, and the prospect of peace is not yet flattering.

THE new Sultan has expressed his dissatisfaction at the course affairs have taken, asserting that it was necessary to make friends, and show England that no more atrocities would occur. He has convoked the Extraordinary Council of Eighty, and given other evidence that he has a will of his own.

THE Transvaal Republic in South Africa has lately been engaged in an unsuccessful war with Secoceni, a native prince. Sir J. Slepstone has been sent there to represent the British Government, and it is rumored that he carries instructions to propose the annexation of Transvaal to Great Britain.

A MANIFESTO issued abroad by Spanish conspirators, promising a redistribution of property, was published by the Government. In Castile the authorities prohibited the sale of Protestant Bibles, and the Government approved the action of the Prefect. Meanwhile it is alleged that the ex-Queens Christina and Isabella are conducting deep laid intrigues to secure, particularly, the restitution of their property by the Treasury.

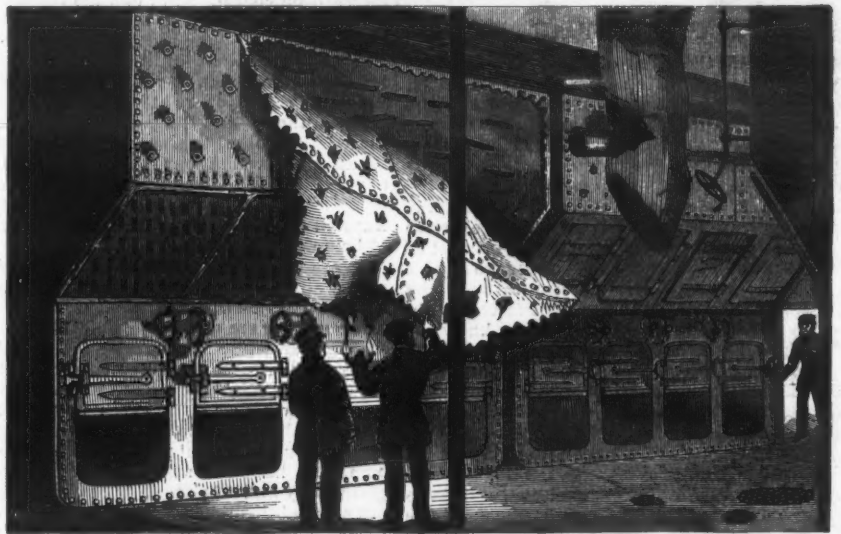
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 71.



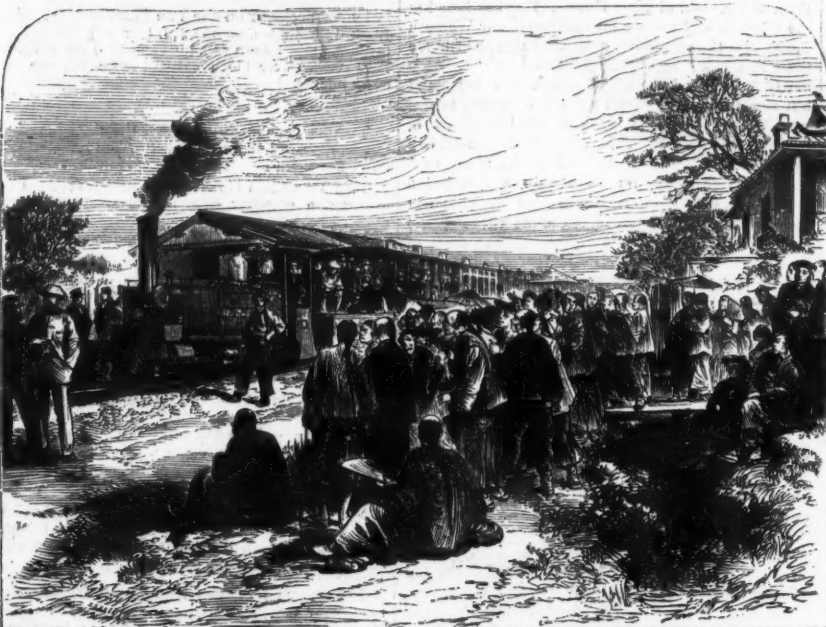
TURKEY.—SERVIAN WOMEN DECORATING GRAVES.



TURKEY.—THE CAPTURE OF GUBUSOVACZ BY THE TURKS.



ENGLAND.—THE BOILER EXPLOSION ON H. M. S. "THUNDERER."



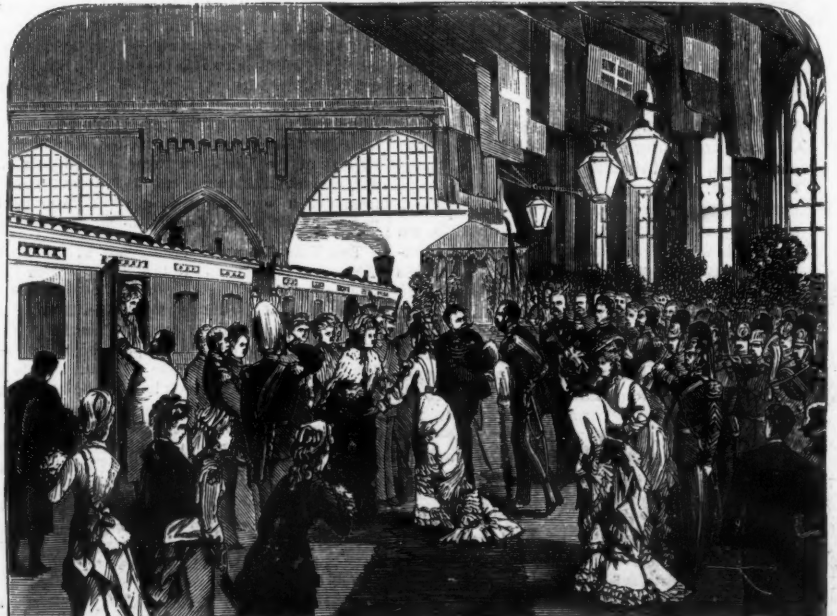
CHINA.—THE INTRODUCTION OF RAILWAYS—THE FIRST TRAIN FROM SHANGHAI.



TURKEY.—SERVIAN WOMEN CARRYING WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO A HOSPITAL.



TURKEY.—AHMED PASHA'S STAFF RECONNOITERING GUBUSOVACZ.



RUSSIA.—ARRIVAL OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ITALY AT ST. PETERSBURG.

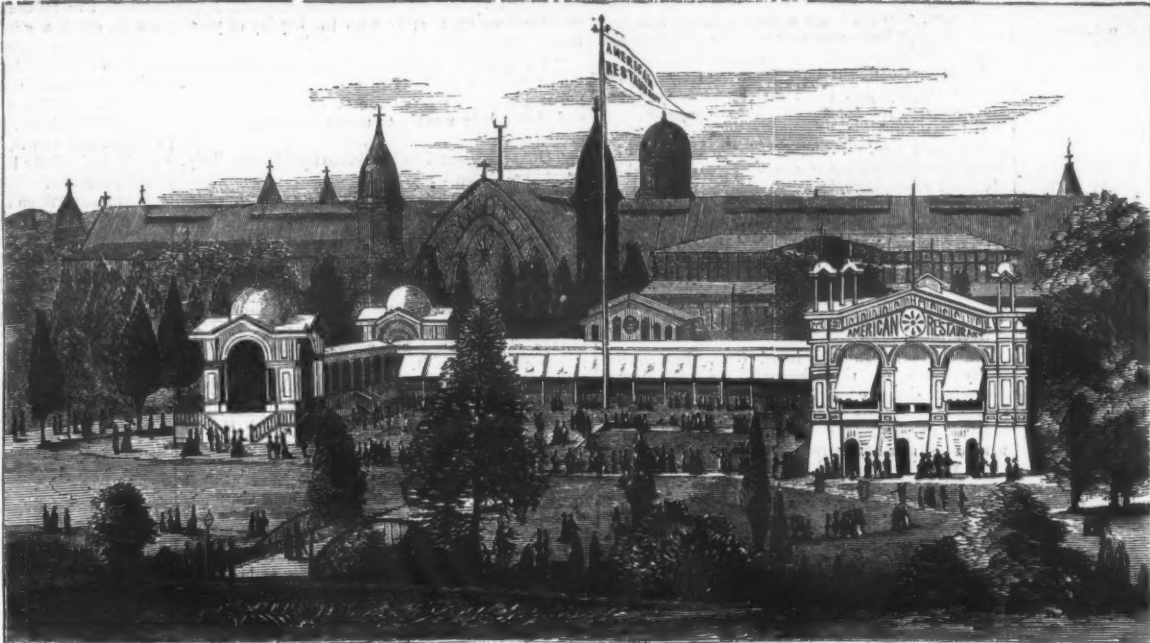
CENTENNIAL REFRESHMENTS.

THE GRAND AMERICAN RESTAURANT.

WHEN one desires to make an economical lunch or dinner inside the Exhibition Grounds, the first place he naturally thinks of is the American Restaurant. He asks a "guard" near what Bayard Taylor calls "the practical and excellent Department of Public Comfort" (under the lee of the western end of the Main Building and Judges' Hall), and he is pointed over in the direction of Agricultural Hall. Reaching that great building, either by the narrow-gauge railway, behind the "iron horse," for five cents, in two minutes, or by walking across the ravine in ten minutes, the visitor finds the American Restaurant, close at hand. An illustration of the restaurant is given on this page. It is claimed to be the largest restaurant on the Grounds, having seating capacity for 5,000 guests. The prices are fair city ones, the attendants are numerous and civil, and all modern languages are spoken. It is largely patronized.

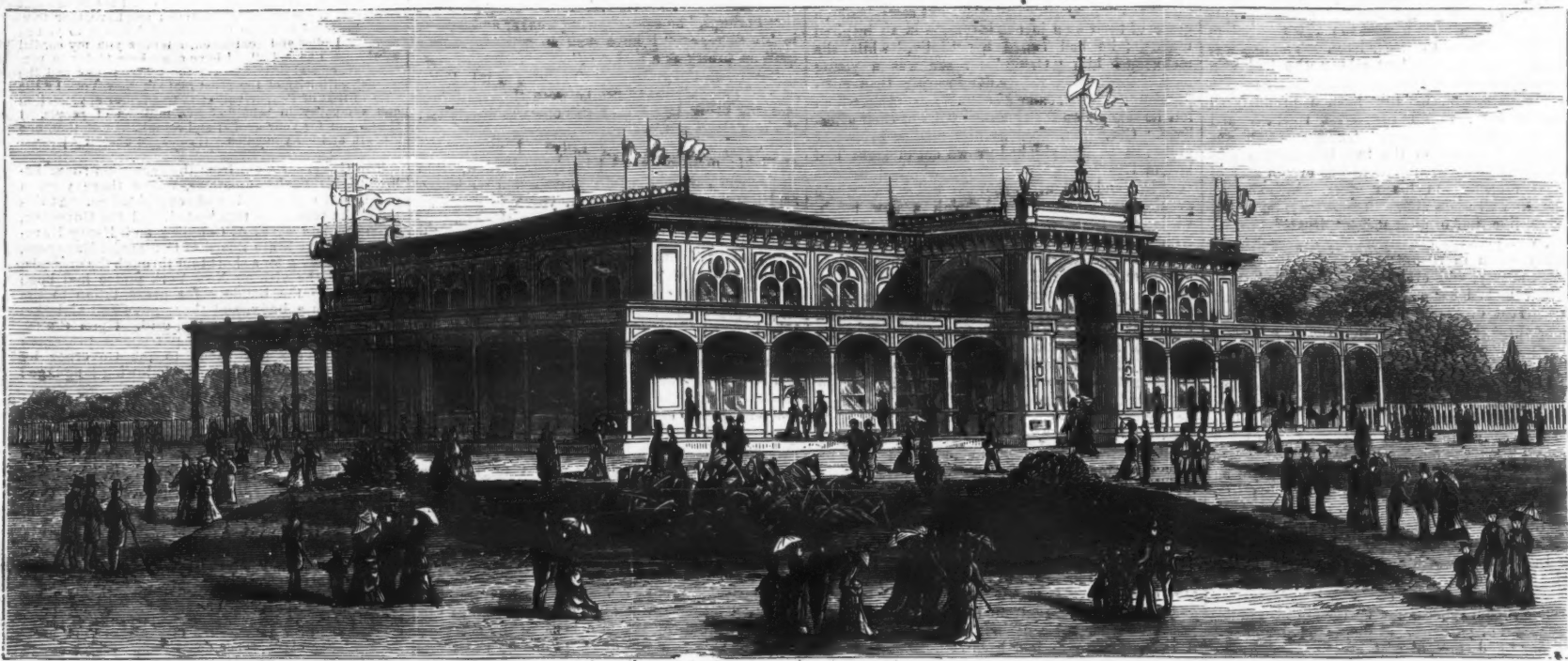
THE VIENNA BAKERY.

Away over in one corner of



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE AMERICAN RESTAURANT, ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS. FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

partisan; but on the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank, he went over to the opposition. Twice re-elected to Congress, in 1843 he was appointed Minister to Brazil by John Tyler, to whose nomination as Vice-President he materially contributed, and over whom, as President, he exercised a very powerful influence, and by whom he had been previously nominated as Minister to France—a nomination which the Senate refused to confirm. In the matter of the admission of Texas he was as zealous an advocate as in everything to which he directed his sympathies. After his return from Brazil he made a vigorous campaign of Virginia, in 1848, as a Democratic Presidential elector; again in 1852 he supported the Democratic candidate for President. He was a member of the Convention of 1850, which adopted the present Constitution of Virginia, and in 1855 he was elected Governor of the State, after a characteristic campaign directed especially against the "Know-Nothings." In the year 1859 he captured and hanged John Brown, after the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. His last act of national concern was a report which he signed as a member of the Committee on the Federal



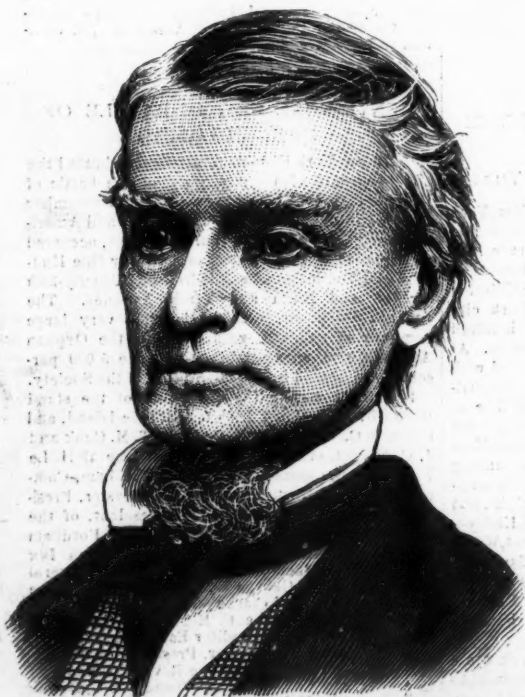
PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE VIENNA BAKERY, ON THE CENTENNIAL GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

the Exhibition Grounds, though within a stone's throw of the rear of Memorial Hall, there is a low, broad-roofed building, surrounded by an ample veranda, known as the Vienna Bakery. In its more conspicuous feature this is simply an airy, cheerful and well-managed restaurant, where one gets coffee served in the Vienna fashion, where the ices and the chocolate are good, and where the prices are fair for the wares furnished. On the piazzas, as well as in the main hall, are set rows of marble tables, and one sits as he does in the Frenchy *Trois Preres*, not far away, within view of the green trees and the undulating surface of the beautiful park, while the fresh breezes cool the fevered brow. The well-bred waiter, clad in the rigor of full dress, brings a bottle of water, incriminated with ice, which is in itself a curiosity, for how that solid lump of ice got in the tube-like neck of the bottle is a study to

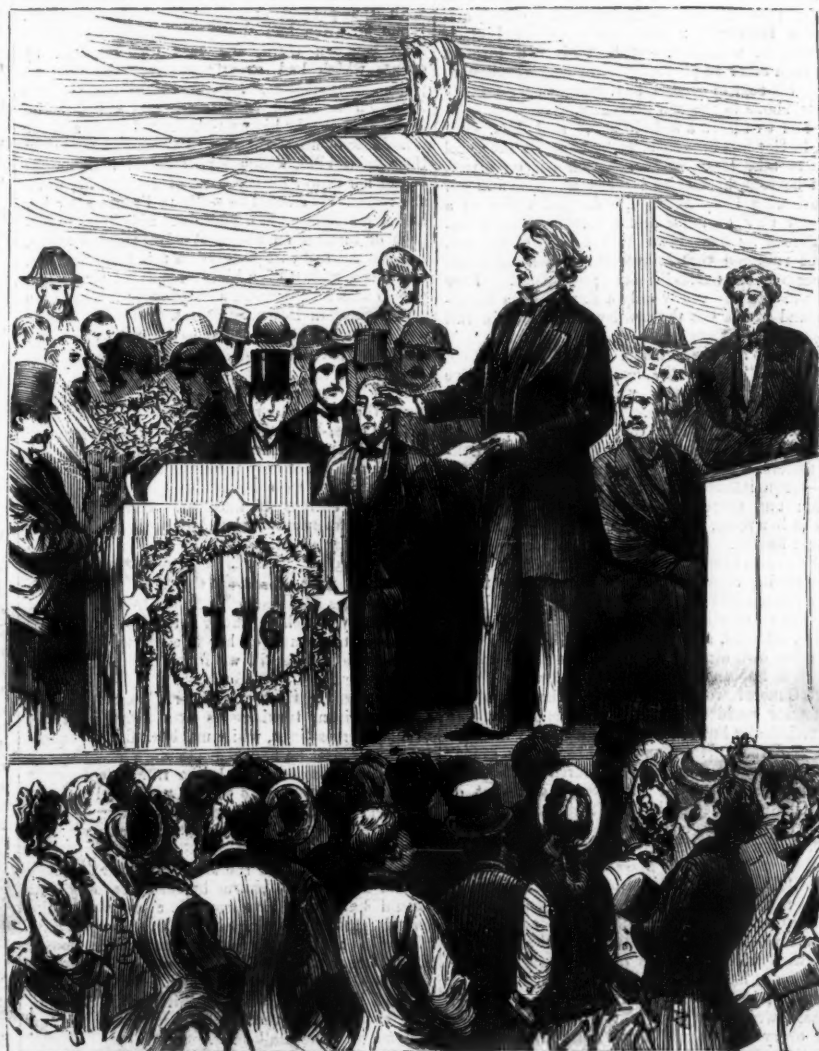
many a visitor who does not understand the freezing power of ice when assisted by salt; and then when the little pitcher of fragrant mocha and the other little pitcher of milk, with its crown of whipped-cream, are poured into your cup and you taste the refreshing beverage, and when you have eaten half-a-dozen of the Vienna rolls, light and delicate as a zephyr, or the equally palatable *kip-feln*—crisp, crescent-shaped little dainties that commend themselves to the senses at first sight—you will call for blessings on the heads of Gaff, Fleischmann & Co., who invented the Vienna Bakery at the Exhibition, and you congratulate the citizens of New York and Philadelphia at the certainty that the house is to erect branches in those cities after the Exhibition is over. But the hidden purpose of this restaurant is not to make money by the sale of coffee and ices, but to tempt people to make the best bread in the world, and even this is but an incident to the business of selling what is known as German press-yeast. That is to say, the proprietors are manufacturers of press-yeast (or compressed yeast), and are advertising their wares by attracting the public with the excellent appointments of a Viennese café, and showing the public what wonderfully good bread their yeast produces. If our familiarity with Gaff, Fleischmann & Co.'s Vienna Bakery will induce Americans, and especially visitors to the Exhibition, to supply themselves with such delicious and perfectly nutritious and digestible rolls and loaves as are made by this Viennese house, grateful stomachs will testify to the wisdom which dictated it, and fill the veins with the blood of a new and more vigorous life.

THE LATE HENRY A. WISE.

HENRY A. WISE, ex-Governor of Virginia, died at Richmond, on Tuesday, September 12th. He was born in Drummondtown, Virginia, December 3d, 1806. His father was Speaker of the House of Delegates in the early years of the century. Graduating at Washington College, Pennsylvania, at the age of nineteen, Henry was admitted to the Bar three years later. He was elected to Congress in 1833, when but twenty-seven years old, as a Jackson Democrat, and immediately attracted attention as a fierce and active



THE LATE HENRY A. WISE, OF VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDERSON, RICHMOND.



NEW YORK.—CELEBRATION BY THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE OF HARLEM PLAINS—HON. JOHN JAY DELIVERING THE ORATION.—SEE PAGE 70.

Relations in the State Convention looking towards compromise and a peaceable adjustment with the seceded States. When Virginia went out, he cast his fortunes with the Confederacy, fought bravely, if not successfully, and lived quietly at home after the conclusion of hostilities.

ADDRESS TO SLEEP.

THE beautiful Gate of Sleep is barred!
Oh, Angel within!
The panels of pearl, with diamonds starred,
Give back no sound to my feeble knock!
I have no key that will turn the lock!
How long must I wait?
Oh, evermore and for evermore,
Must I stand at the Beautiful Gate?
My garments are thin—my sandals worn!
Sweet Angel within!
How piercing the blast—how sharp the thorn!
The night is cheerless—the wind is wild!
My bruised heart sobs like a pitiful child!
How long must I wait?
Oh, evermore and for evermore,
Must I stand at the Beautiful Gate?
If I were a queen I'd give my crown;
Oh, Angel within!
Or famed, I would lay my laurel down;
Or rich, I'd yield thee my treasured gold,
For thy sweet shelter from rain and cold!
How long must I wait?
Oh, evermore and for evermore,
Would I pass through the Beautiful Gate!

IN EARLY AUTUMN.

IT was on a fair day in August, and at a charming villa by the seaside upon the coast of Normandy, that two really excellent people were doing their little utmost to make themselves wretched for the rest of their lives. The one was General Morrison, a gallant soldier who had won credit and renown in the wars of India; the other was Mrs. Oldfield, his first love, a proud-faced handsome lady, in all the latest ripeness and splendor of mature beauty. The gentleman was somewhat the elder of the two, but he was also the lightest-hearted, and there was even a sort of reckless flippancy in his manner which by no means sat well upon him. The expression of his features, like that of most men habituated to command, was perhaps usually a little over-sterne and haughty when in repose; but to-day he seemed restless, flighty, and even trivial in his behavior. The lady looked sorrowful and dejected, with an undercurrent of pique mingled with resentment, flowing through her feelings and troubling them.

Around them was everything which could make one of the pleasant holidays of existence delightful. The air was pure and soft, the scenery enchanting; they were in the midst of gardens, and flowers, and tall trees, with the sea glittering like molten silver full in view of them. At the gates of the villa, on the old Norman road which led to Caen, were a pair of saddle-horses, in charge of an English groom dressed within an inch of his life. One of the stately creatures was a splendid Arab from the stud of Nouraddin Meerza, of Bagdad, which the general had brought home with him from India; the other a thoroughbred from one of the best stables in Newmarket—not fast enough for the turf, but a marvel of strength and symmetry. The groom sat stiff and upright in his saddle, a very model of patience, but the Arab horse pawed the ground and stamped with all the waywardness and capricious irritation of a spoiled child at being kept so long waiting. Now he tossed his mane over his eyes, as though making ready for a wild romp; now he lifted his arched neck upwards and snorted fractionally; then he stretched himself downwards, whinnied, and beat his two forefeet over each other as playfully as a young grayhound, while his coat of golden bay, trimmed with black points, shone in the sun like satin.

"You will have a sad old age," said Mrs. Oldfield to General Morrison, as he tried for the third time to take leave of her, because, if the truth must be told, he had lately been fancying himself in love with Lady Strange, a decided widow of a military turn of mind and a fortune quite vexatious from its overgrown bulk and awkwardness. It was rumored that Lady Strange had tin-mines among other unintelligible possessions. Poor woman! she was really only a fit wife for a house-and-land agent, but the cavalry officer was in full chase of her. Poor man!

"Why so? Why shall I ever be a dreary, old old fellow?" asked the general, in a combative mood, though he knew well enough what she meant.

"Because," answered the lady, slowly, as she buttoned her left-hand glove with nervous, twitching fingers, "because you change old friends for new-acquaintances. That is a bad bargain," she added; and there was anger in her eyes rather than in her voice, which had a bantering tone with subacid flavors.

The general tapped his spurs pensively with the point of his riding-whip, and then involuntarily cast a glance into the mirror opposite.

It was an excellent glass, for the villa belonged to Mrs. Oldfield, and she had it fitted up by Duval under her own direction, and for the promotion of her own happiness. The glass, therefore, into which General Morrison looked was the best which good taste could select or money could buy. It was artistically hung, too, taking its lights through a rose-colored curtain, and it told truths as gracefully as the most accomplished courtier.

The general saw his own figure and that of Mrs. Oldfield reflected in it with extreme satisfaction. He felt like a man who had awaited good news, but who had received even better tidings than he expected. The glass told him boldly that he was tall and still straight as a poplar-tree, and that there was a certain cavalier grace about him that was very martial and winning. His companion, too, was a miracle of loveliness seen through that glass, though her woman's pride was sorely humbled, for she had been cruelly affronted.

The fact is, these two had been quarreling for at least a week past, and had regularly teased each other every day in the way that people will do when they are secretly dissatisfied with themselves. After all, Lady Strange and her tin-mines only

vexed one side of the question. There was a German poet, who appeared made up of all hair and eyes; he was bothering on the other side, and the general had seen him at it. Indeed, for the matter of that, he might have seen the German poet in full employment then, had he looked towards the seashore, for there stood that queerly-dressed individual on the lookout for what Providence might send him. Presently Providence sent him Lady Strange, with her chaperon, Miss Fawkes, mounted on donkeys, and attended by their courier. The poet joined them. Mrs. Oldfield noted down this treasonable behavior inwardly, in her woman's way. She was not jealous. No, she did not love the German: possibly Lady Strange did or would. They were both of the same age, and Germans have a weakness for English women of property. What did it matter to her? Nothing! No—nothing!

David Morrison had loved Clara Beaton for thirty years or thereabouts. He had loved her ever since they had both been children, gathering blue-flowers amidst the heather, and, maybe, amusing the unconscious grouse, till her father, a cantankerous nobleman with an eyeglass, who lived beyond his means, came down to blow the birds' heads off, beyond the reach of his creditors, as soon as Parliament was up and he had no more votes to sell that year. They had loved each other all through their school-days, playing at blind-man's-buff together every Easter, and wondering at magic lanterns in company on Twelfth Nights. Miss had often made young David an apple-pie bed when they had both passed their holidays with Mrs. Morrison, an aged and hospitable kinswoman, who saved parents trouble and charmed her own solitude in a Perthshire glen by the whims and prattle of pretty urchins. One glorious Summer they had played at story-books, a game of their own joyous invention in an inspired moment; he had called her "Lilly," while she nicknamed him "Orson," for she was a young lady of disposition rather domineering than complimentary. Then came a heavy Whitsuntide, which left its shadow on many weary years of their after-lives. Clara had been at first mighty prim and grand, as though she had grown out of sight and ken of David. Then all at once she had become very soft and tearful, so that she had cried a whole evening on his shoulder, beneath a new moon, while the lilacs and violets only pitted them. Nobody ever knew what had passed between the young things, as their hearts were torn asunder; but Clara got a fearful scolding from Mrs. Morrison, and three weeks afterwards she drifted clean away from David to marry Mr. Oldfield, an elderly man who took snuff and kept money. He had not a large fortune, but it was something well worth having, as Lord Beaton remarked when he gave his daughter away with his blessing, after having negotiated, of course, for the usual pecuniary assistance which was the price of his lordship's good-will in every transaction of life. It is only justice to the free-handed noble to add that he very handsomely offered his bond to Mr. Oldfield for the money he borrowed; but "What is the use of that, my lord?" answered the latter gentleman, who had been a solicitor and knew the value of a peer's sign-manual by hearsay or by experience.

Mr. Oldfield had died after an extremely moderate enjoyment of matrimony, possibly from a generous consideration of his wife's prospects, possibly because he could not help dying. Certain it is that he really had been so good as to obligingly depart from a scene where he was not wanted, so that his wife and her former sweetheart had been judiciously enabled to meet again with the perfect approbation of good society. Some flirtation had thereupon most promptly ensued between them, and that was followed by events which had greatly annoyed the German poet. Nevertheless, on mature reflection, General Morrison had deluded himself into a bad belief that he could take his well-advised name and the remainder of his attractions to a better market than the seaside villa, which Mrs. Oldfield had bought out of her dower on the coast of Normandy, when she reasonably elected to settle in France after her husband's demise. In pursuit of his object to dispose of himself on the most advantageous terms, the general had cast his eyes on this Lady Strange, the young widow of a highly respected permanent person who had amassed a stupendous fortune on a small salary in Downing Street.

General Morrison smiled as he looked complacently on his stalwart figure and well-formed features in the looking-glass; but presently Mrs. Oldfield, who seemed to have divined his thought, drew the window-curtain suddenly aside, and the pitiless cross-light of an August afternoon pouring into the apartment showed at a glance that the general's hair was not only becoming thin and contrary, but that there were some abominable crow's-feet round the corners of his eyes. David Morrison had a conscientious valet, but these truths were plain in spite of Atkinson, Truffitt, and Poole, who had all done their best for him, and more.

"Age," then observed the lady, with much blandness, as she plucked a flower from her freshest nosegay, which overhung a toy-fountain of perfumes in the centre of her boudoir table, "never becomes ridiculous till we forget it. I shall take to caps soon."

"I protest against your theory," answered General Morrison, turning his eyes away from the dazzling cross-light, while much of that conquering hero aspect he had hitherto worn passed away from his department. "I like rather to fancy it is a duty we all owe to society to conceal the impertinence of time, and to remain young as long as possible. Old age is as unattractive as youth is captivating."

"Youth, yes. Not the mimicry of youth. Age should not need to charm by false pretences, but should have won love enough already to make friends pardon its deformities. Still, as you say, 'fancy' is a gayer guide than truth; and women should never moralize."

"I do not see why age should be ugly," remarked the soldier, uneasily shifting his position, and speaking as though he had swallowed an almond with the shell on it.

"Nor why middle-age should be sometimes absurd," replied the lady. "Perhaps not; but the

world is very unkind to wrinkles, and the fewer conquests we try to make after the heyday of youth is past the better it will be for us."

"I remember my father telling me that Tom Greenville was the only man who dressed for dinner at his country house after a hard election-day; and that a lady wanted to marry him when he was as old as—"

"General Morrison?" interrupted the lady, laughing.

"Oh, dear, no; much older than I am," pursued that officer, growing warm, for he neither liked nor understood a joke.

"Yes; my mother knew Mr. Thomas Greenville when she was quite a girl," again interrupted the lady more soothingly. "The art of self-preservation, which I understand he carried into great perfection, consisted, I believe, in this—that he always dressed in sober colors, beyond his age rather than below it. He especially avoided all artifices of costume, and it was therefore said that he taught every one how to grow old. He did not try to make age young again. Heigho! it is getting very late. Don't you think so?"

"Good looks in men or women are always good looks," remarked the general, struggling against defeat as sturdily as he could, and taking no notice of Mrs. Oldfield's implied dismissal. "We are the age we seem, the age we feel, the age we look." He pointed his left mustache as he finished speaking, and tapped with the handle of his whip upon his front teeth, which were strong and white.

The lady sighed, and picked the flower she had culled slowly to pieces, till all its leaves had fallen to the ground. Then she looked wistfully at the bare stalk.

"Do you think," she said, "that any device could reproduce this rose?"

"Perhaps," he said, growing weaker and weaker in his defense; "I have seen an artificial flower quite as pretty as a real one."

"Without the grace or the perfume of it! Probably. The only difference between the real flower and the other being that the one was lovely and the other was not."

"Tush, tush, my dear Lilly!—I mean Mrs. Oldfield; upon my word I beg your pardon," said the general, with affected bluntness, and reddening as he spoke. When our own youth is gone, we can rejoice and refresh ourselves in the youth of others. It makes us young to live with the young."

"I think," answered the lady, as she still looked, and now with a half-smile, on the fallen rose, "that there is a time in life when we are only happy in the past, in recalling our own youth rather than in trying to share the youth of others. There is a period when we have better cheer with memory than with hope."

The old soldier sat down again. He glanced remorsefully at the lady as she turned away from him and gazed upon the common wonders of her garden, with such thoughts as women think when they wander sorrowfully among the ruins of their existence, and ask themselves what might have been but for the earthquake or the thunderstorm which overthrew the temple Nature had built them for a sanctuary.

So the twilight slowly deepened into night. "Farewell," said the general at length; and his voice was very grave.

"Good-by," replied his old love from the garden; and her words came clear and cold as the spray from that toy fountain beneath the nosegay.

Then she heard the quick patter of the Arab horse's feet as he pawed the ground faster and faster, till he went capering away down the road. Afterwards all was still, and the deserted woman sobbed as though her very heart would break, murmuring:

"Gone, gone! Oh, my love! Oh, my life! Oh, my life's one love! Gone! gone!"

Her proud head was bowed to the dust, as she moaned with that exceeding bitter cry.

"Lilly!" presently said a shy and penitent voice which sounded close beside her. And she started to see that David Morrison had returned with the old loyal worship of her filling his soul.

"Orson," she answered, laughing through her tears. And their eyes met at last in love and trust again.

Before General Morrison had left the villa that night, their wedding was a settled thing. And this writer thinks it would have happened in any case, for Lady Strange ran away next morning with a French cornet of dragoons, aged twenty-one, with whom she had danced the night before at Trouville; and besides the weather is very fine this year on the French coast, so that ill-assorted marriages are not in fashion.

"NEW YORK STATE DAY" AT THE CENTENNIAL.

A POPULAR OVATION TO GOVERNOR TILDEN.

THURSDAY, September 21st, was "New York State Day" at the Centennial, and will long be memorable from the fact that at the reception Governor Tilden attracted the largest attendance of people that ever congregated at any exhibition in a single day. The rush from New York city began shortly after six o'clock, when six hundred and fifty police-officers boarded a special train. At twenty minutes to nine another train started with the Alderman and Common Council. On the arrival of the first train at Philadelphia, the line of policemen were formed, with the Seventh Regiment band on the right, and the march towards the New York State Building was taken up. Accompanying the force were Commissioner Nichols, Superintendent Walling, Inspectors Dilks and Speight, and Captains McElwain, McDonnell, Clinchy, Hedden, Allaire, Byrne, McCullough, Garland, Mount, Washburn, Murphy, Ward, Steers, Robbins, Saunders, Bennett, Copeland, and Acting Captains Osborn and Haggerty. They were escorted by Chief of Police Jones of Philadelphia, and two hundred men.

As was to be expected, the New York State Building was the chief object of attraction. As early as nine o'clock the crowd commenced to congregate on the greensward in front, and by eleven

o'clock five thousand people were anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of Governor Tilden. The piazzas were crowded with citizens and officials of New York. Among the latter the following were noticeable: Police Commissioners Smith, Erhardt, and Wheeler, Counselor McLean, Aldermen Morris, Hess, Billings, Wade, Tuomey, MacCarthy, and Lewis, the latter representing Mayor Wickham. Many ladies graced the occasion with their presence.

Governor Tilden arrived at the State Building at one o'clock, but long before that hour the crush at the house was so great that only the passageway that was left open by the police could be forced through it. The Governor was received with a burst of applause. He bowed and smiled his acknowledgments, and ascended the steps, hat in hand, accompanied by Colonel Fred. A. Conkling, Frank Leslie, Jackson S. Schultz, A. B. Cornell, and Colonel Pelton.

Colonel Conkling stood at Governor Tilden's right hand, and his nephew, Colonel Pelton, at his left, and the multitude, forming in a line, began to emerge through the rear door, past the Governor, who shook them all by the hand, and out by the front entrance. After an hour of handshaking, it was decided by the managers that the Governor should greet the assemblage *en masse*, and advancing to the veranda, he was introduced by General Hawley.

GOVERNOR TILDEN'S SPEECH.

After the cheering had subsided, Governor Tilden spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My right arm is not wearied with the hearty grasp of the thousands who have seized it with the force of a single shake. [A voice: "Forty thousand here couldn't get in."] But the committee have warned me that the ceremony could not be brought to an end in the time allotted to you, and have, therefore, instructed me to make my acknowledgments to you *en masse*. Ladies and gentlemen, I tender you my cordial salutation, one and all. I have come here to-day to perform an official duty—to put the moral power and the official authority of the great State of New York by the side of that of Pennsylvania; to testify our appreciation and sympathy in behalf of five millions of people. I thank you for your cordial and complete salutation, one and all, and bid you adieu. [Prolonged cheering.]

The Governor went from the reception-room below to his parlor up-stairs, where there were a number of city officials and several ladies. At this point the reception terminated, and the Governor, accompanied by F. A. Conkling and Henry Havemeyer, of the State Board of Centennial Managers, left the building for a short tour through the grounds. Meantime the visiting New York police had been marched to the building for presentation to the Governor in a body, and there gave an exhibition of their efficiency in battalion drill. Upon the return of His Excellency the patrolmen presented arms, and were introduced to the Governor by Superintendent Walling in the following language:

GENTLEMEN OF THE POLICE FORCE: I have the honor of introducing to you our present Governor, and, as I heard some person say as I came up here, they hoped our next President. [Cheers.] I desire the police force of our city, the Empire City of the Empire State, to give three cheers for our Governor.

Three cheers were given in response, and Governor Tilden advanced to the side of General Smith, and spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT: I have seen the order and efficiency displayed by your department with great satisfaction. I have witnessed with pride the movements of the police force of the Empire City of the United States. I am glad to meet you, and I give you a cordial greeting. I am proud of the perfection displayed by you, and I congratulate the City of New York upon the efficiency of its police department. [Three cheers and a tiger.]

The force was then marched in review, four abreast, past the State Building, after which they were again disbanded. The remainder of the afternoon was well improved by men and officers, the latter in many cases being the guests of Philadelphia officers, who used every means to make the trip enjoyable.

At half-past six P.M. the men fell into line near the depot. They were escorted to the cars in waiting by Chief Jones, and, after farewell cheers heartily given to the Philadelphia police and to General Passenger Agent Carpenter, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, for his kindness and generosity, the train started for New York. The special car of the members of the Board of Aldermen was hitched on, and the City Fathers and officers of the force sat down to an excellent repast.

The number of passenger-cars which had arrived at the Centennial Depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad from the New York division up to three o'clock was 235, bringing about 20,000 passengers. It is probable that about fifty more cars came in later in the day. At one o'clock 111,588 paying visitors had passed the turnstiles, and before six o'clock the number had reached 124,000, according to the estimates of the Department of Admissions, in addition to 11,000 free admissions.

CENTENNIAL OF THE BATTLE OF HARLEM PLAINS.

THE New York Historical Society celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Harlem Plains, on Saturday afternoon, September 16th. The engagement of the British and American troops, and the repulse of the former, occurred on the plot of ground now outlined by One Hundred and Tenth and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Streets, and Ninth and Tenth Avenues. The Seventh Regiment, with its band, a very large company of children, gathered from the Orphan Asylums, and an assemblage of some 5,000 persons, participated in the celebration of the Society.

Prominent among the occupants of the stand were Governor Henry Lippitt of Rhode Island, and Colonels C. W. Lippitt, E. C. Ames, T. M. Cook and J. C. Knight, of his staff; Adjutant-General H. Le Favour, of the same State; Mayor Wickham, Commissioner Van Nort, Frederick De Peyster, President, and J. W. Beekman, Vice-President, of the Historical Society; Charles O'Connor, Fordham Morris, the Rev. Drs. R. S. Storrs, Morgan Dix and William Adams; Judge Larremore, General Kilbourne Knox, George W. McLean, major of the Old Guard; Colonel Clarke and Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzgerald of the Seventh Regiment; George H. Moore, H. B. Perkins, Auditor Earle, and others.

Mr. Frederick De Peyster, President of the Historical Society, called upon the Rev. Dr. Dix to lead in prayer, after which he introduced the Hon. John Jay, formerly United States Minister to Austria, who delivered the formal oration. Mr. Jay was

followed by the Rev. Dr. Storrs and James W. Beekman and James A. Stevens, of the Society. During the ceremonies patriotic airs were performed by the Seventh Regiment band.

BLOWING UP OF THE HELL GATE OBSTRUCTIONS AT HALLETT'S POINT, L. I., NEW YORK.

THE submarine mine at Hallett's Point, Hell Gate, was exploded promptly at 2:50 on Sunday afternoon, September 24th, by the two-year-old daughter of General Newton. There was happily no destruction of property nor loss of life, and the shock to the surrounding territory was extremely slight. At eight o'clock in the morning the work of connecting the groups of wires to the batteries was resumed, and when this was completed, the 800 battery cells were filled with the chemical compound. By noon their labor was finished, and then a careful examination of the wires and batteries was made. No less than 275,000 feet of insulated copper wires were used in connecting, directly or indirectly, the 3,680 charges with the batteries. The efficacy of the batteries to fire the mine had been previously tested by firing the number of fuses necessary to explode one group; and as each group had a separate leading wire to the batteries, the testing of one was a test of the aggregate groups.

To hasten the flooding of the shaft and galleries, which was done by means of an immense syphon, the puddled clay between the two timbered walls of the coffer-dam was cleared away, and the mine was filled before slack tide.

Soon after 1 o'clock the samaras carrying the invited spectators of the explosion began to put in an appearance. The first to arrive was the large steam-tug *Juniata*, bringing Mrs. Newton and a large party from Brooklyn, who were all transferred to the Government scow lying off Ward's Island.

Then came the *Fletcher*, chartered by the Society of Mining Engineers; the *Seneca* police-boat, the *Henry Smith*, with a large congregation of officers from the different harbor garrisons; the *Pleasant Valley*, which took up her position as a guard-boat between Ward's Island and Pot Cove, on the Long Island shore; the three other guard-boats, *Neversink*, *Eliza Hancock*, and *Arrowsmith*, which all took up their allotted stations; and lastly came the *Sylvan Dell*, *Harlem*, *Sunshine*, and a number of small steamers and tugs.

At 2 o'clock General Newton was informed that all was ready. Twenty-five minutes later the metal plates were lowered into the cells of the batteries, and in five minutes the first signal-gun was fired.

At 2:40 the tugboat *Star* landed at the dock Mrs. General Newton, and her nurse carrying the baby, all under escort of Lieutenant Willard. The boom of the second gun came across the water giving warning that but ten minutes remained to complete the work. General Newton and his assistant were seen to descend from the bomb-proof toward the launch—evidence that the last task, that of connecting the wires, had been accomplished. As the launch left the side of the dam and steamed toward the "firing point," word was passed that the last man had abandoned the mine and that everything was ready for the climax. When within a few feet of the shanty General Newton sprang to the gangway and thence to shore. Going into the hut, he first unlocked and adjusted the instrument. Then lifting the blue-eyed baby to the table, he said: "Do you know what you are going to do, Mary?"

Boom! broke the report of the third signal-gun upon the air. The moment had arrived. Every member of the little group held his breath as Lieutenant Willard, running out upon the pier, waved a handkerchief for the last signal to Colonel Abbott, and then sprang back inside the hut. The chubby fist of the baby-girl was stretched towards the key amid a silence like that of death. An instant of terrible suspense—two—three; the child had withdrawn her arm in fright at the general hush and looked inquiringly at her father. "Now, Mary!" he said, and seizing the tiny hand, he drew it towards the key. Click! and the mine had exploded, the earth quivered an instant, while a grand crown of water, boiling white at the crest, rose majestically from the mine, and a thunder-clap smote the air.

Another convulsion, with jets rising here and there out of the crest—the black mud at the bottom showing now, with masses of rock and timber struggling amid the chaos. Then a second report, duller than the first, rumbled along the water. The next second, and the mass had tumbled foaming to its place, sending a wave circling into the river; and the greatest work of engineering skill had been successfully accomplished.

The inmates of the lunatic asylum and hospital on Ward's Island were removed on steamers and the barge of St. John's Guild, to an anchorage opposite Flushing Bay, and after the explosion they were all returned in safety. Thousands of spectators assembled on Second and Third Avenues in the neighborhood of Ninety-second Street, the Astoria Ferry House, the islands, and, in fact, every spot where an opportunity of witnessing the blast was thought possible.

The police and military arrangements were satisfactory to General Newton, and his suggestions were heeded by the police of this city and Astoria. About 700 of the New York force reported to Inspector Thorne in the Eighty-eighth Street Station at noon, and were detailed to guard the river front and the streets and avenues where large numbers might gather. They were especially instructed to guard vacated houses.

The off-platoons of the Forty-seventh Street police were sent to Blackwell's Island, and the off-platoon of the Thirty-fifth Street and the City Hall police, under Captains Murphy and Leary, went to Ward's Island. Detachments from the steamboat squad were detailed for duty on the piers. A cordon of police prevented any one from going near the river in the neighborhood of the House of the Good Shepherd. The police on the line from One Hundred and Sixth Street to Seventy-second Street had little to do.

Captain A. S. Wood, with Sergeants Whitcomb, Darcy, McManus, and Smith, and thirty-four patrolmen, with the United States Engineers' battalion from Willet's Point, and three detachments of Companies A, B and C from the same place, under Captains Miller, Livermore, and Hadbury, formed the cordon at Astoria and nearest to the works. General Abbott and Captain Woods were in command. The line extended from the north side of Fulton Street to Franklin, to Remsen, and thence to Pot Cove, the full length being 1,200 feet.

The selection of Sunday for the explosion having been forced upon General Newton by the peculiar circumstances of the case, considerable opposition

was expressed in certain religious circles to such a wholesale desecration as it would apparently involve. Among others, Mr. William E. Dodge addressed General Newton a sharp letter denouncing the contemplated explosion as a desecration of the Sabbath, to which the general returned the following answer:

"HALLETT'S POINT, September 22d, 1876.
"Mr. William E. Dodge:
"Sir—I received a communication from you, dated September 22d, in which you decline an alleged invitation from me to witness the explosion at Hell Gate on Sunday, the 24th inst. As you take a great deal of pains to go out of your way to violate the common courtesies of social intercourse, I take this occasion to inform you that I did not invite you, nor even know of your invitation, until the receipt of your refusal to accept one. The truth is, I left the matter of invitation to the Chamber of Commerce to Lieutenant Willard, United States Engineer, with instructions to invite a certain number of gentlemen. I regret to find that, in one case, he has made a mistake. "Your obedient servant,
"JOHN NEWTON,
"Lieut.-Col. Engineers, Brevet Major-General."

A Centennial Martyr—The Story of Captain Nathan Hale.

ONE hundred years ago, September 22d, within our city limits, Captain Nathan Hale, of the Continental army, was hung as a spy, without the formality of a trial and under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. He was but twenty-one years of age, a graduate of Yale, and a man whose fine literary attainments are perpetuated in his grand-nephew, Rev. Edward Everett Hale. The *World* gives some interesting reminiscences of this hero-martyr, and says: Tradition has preserved a picture of the gallant young soldier, who in April, 1776, encamped his company in the fields near our Bunker Hill at Broadway and Bowery, and who, in September, the same year, crossed the Sound at Norwalk, on his perilous errand. Twenty-one years old in June, bright-eyed and athletic, he was dressed in a frock of white linen, fringed, such as officers then wore, with a yellow ribbon in his cockade to mark his rank in lieu of epaulets. He had his firelock slung behind (all officers wore them thus,) and at his side was the sword worn by his uncle, Nathan Hale, who was killed by a shell at the siege of Louisburg in 1745. When equipped for the perilous work of a spy, Captain Hale changed his uniform for a plain suit of citizen's clothes, with a round, broad-brimmed hat.

He was set ashore at Huntington, Long Island, and thence proceeded through the British camps on Long Island and at New York. After passing safely to the outposts of the British army, he stopped at a tavern called the "Cedars," where he was seen and recognized by a Tory cousin, a dissipated young man named Samuel Hale, who had received many favors at his hands in former times. This double traitor betrayed him to the British, saying that he was a captain in the Continental army, and a spy. General Howe was then residing at the Beekman House, near the present junction of First Avenue and Fifty-First Street. Hale was brought before him, and frankly owned his name, rank and object. This was on the 21st day of September, 1776, just one week from the day on which Washington had given him his secret instructions at the Murray House, on Murray Hill.

Howe had Hale hung without a trial, and the infamous Provost Marshal Cunningham tore up the letters he wrote to his mother and betrothed on the morning of his execution. He died like a hero, saying with his last breath: "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country." The place of his burial is unknown, but is within the city limits.

At the time of Captain Hale's execution, he was engaged to be married to a young lady in Connecticut. She survived him seventy-five years, and though she yielded to the importunities of friends and married, she never forgot her youthful lover. When she came to die, at the age of ninety-three, the last word she spoke was "Nathan."

An Ingenious Trickster.

It has been said that poverty is young ambition's ladder. Certain it is that the genius of the true chevalier never shines more brightly than when his pockets are empty. There is the true test of his resources. In inspired moments like these, he would "borrow money from Harpagon, and find truffles on the raft of the Medusa." In illustration of this, and of the spirit in which such straits are met by these errant knights, we have but to quote the case of that erratic gentleman, M. Pierre Valois, of the Rue Dauphine, Paris, though he cannot be accredited with any of the loftier flights of dishonesty which have marked with such distinction the career of so many of his brethren, he has given evidence that he possesses the essential qualities of his race. He seems, in his short and doubtful existence, to have taken life in its comic sense; to have laughed starvation out of countenance. This easy view of things may be due to the love of the giddy dancing-halls, in which, and at the threshold of low cabarets, he has danced and tumbled away all his means, till now he lives upon odd grubblings from the race-course and the dishonest charity of book-makers. The other day, at Auteuil, this full-grown human megatherium was leaning against the barrier as the jockeys rode past before the start, when, after some glances of approval, he entered into conversation with his next-hand neighbor, a highly respectable party, as could be seen by his shiny hat, his glazed collar, his glossy coat, and his bright boots. His neighbor, evidently fearful of the subject of sport and its dire consequences, solemnly let drop that he had just been to the Morgue. "Ah," said the chevalier, looking out under his shabby eyebrows, "any good specimens?" His neighbor made answer that there were no bodies there. "Oh! of course they were at *déjeuner*," was the extraordinary reply. "Who?" gasped the stranger. "Why, the bodies, of course. I was one myself once!" and the chevalier, seeing that his new acquaintance was interested, at once, as is usual with him, grew familiar. "Mon cher," he said, fondling the stranger's arm, and speaking in a confidential tone, "there was a time when I was very hard up." This the stranger seemed quite ready to believe. "There was a time when I hadn't a sou. I had sold all I possessed. My watch had long been at the Mont de Piété, and its ticket sold. Starvation stared me in the face, when suddenly, whether suggested by the nearness of death, or not, I cannot say, but I bethought me of the Morgue. I went there at once, and fortunately found a vacancy. I remained for ten days, at a franc a day—board wages. The duties were easy enough, but rather monotonous; and that perpetual jet of water dripping upon one's nose as you lie upon the cold marble is very irritating, and it gave me a violent cold, such a one indeed as lost me my situation, for being seized with a fit of sneezing just as the place was full of people, the inspector got into a great rage. 'Ote-toi de la!' he cried, and kicked me out. I have never been near the hole since."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Serbian Women in the Turkish War.
The inscription in Turkey in 1876 will always bear a noteworthy place in military as well as religious history in connection with the horrible atrocities perpetrated by the Turks upon their unhappy captives. The women of Serbia have contributed the larger part of the hapless victims. Our foreign cuts this week show how these poor creatures have borne themselves in relation to the conflict with tender ministrations to their wounded countrymen and touching regard to the memory of the fallen. One represents a couple of Serbian females ornamenting the last resting-place of some lost relative. The cemetery is a small one, its simple decorations consisting of a flagstaff, surmounted by a flag of many colors and hung around with apples, bottles, socks, plates and various other articles. Another illustration shows a party of women of the same nationality carrying wounded soldiers to the hospital established at Ivanovitz by the Princess Grajovska.

The Capture of Gurgusovacz.

The town of Gurgusovacz is situated in a commanding position at the confluence of two large branches of the river Timok. On August 4th it was besieged by the Turks under Achmed Pasha. The Turks, having taken up a good position, opened a heavy cannonade, to which the Servians responded, and there was a sharp infantry fight in a wood on the side of the town, and also on the hill overlooking it. There was great slaughter on both sides. The Turks behaved splendidly, and the Servians also fought well. "The battle," says a correspondent, "presented a magnificent spectacle to the eye. We beheld, even as a panorama, the town with its white houses and church with gilt steeple, puffs of smoke darting out in all directions, artillery moving into position, long lines of infantry advancing and retreating, and the dark uniforms of the killed and wounded lying on the green grass." The result of the conflict there, on the 5th, was that Gurgusovacz was sacked by the Turkish army, who destroyed all they could not plunder. The inhabitants had fled across the country in great distress. We learn now that Gurgusovacz has been evacuated by the Turks, and the Serbian troops again hold it.

Boiler Explosion on the "Thunderer."

Our readers will remember the explosion of the boiler of the British ship-of-war *Thunderer*, on July 14th, which we illustrated soon after the event. Forty-five men were killed by the disaster. At the inquest, Mr. F. J. Bramwell, the engineer appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty to examine the engines and boilers of the ship, ascribed the explosion simply to an excessive pressure of steam caused by the accidental sticking fast of a safety-valve, and he felt convinced that the valve had not been tampered with. The nature and extent of the breach made in the boiler will be seen in our illustration, from a sketch taken in the after stoke-hole. It will be observed that the star-board forward boiler had exploded, blowing away nearly the whole of the top front plate. This plate was about 15 feet long and 4 feet 3 inches deep. It was broken into two pieces. The top plate of the boiler was bent upwards in front. There had been three wrought-iron columns or stanchions, each eight inches in diameter, supporting beams over the stoke-hole and in the deck above. The after stanchion was broken through at the level of the stoke-hole plates, and again ten or eleven feet above them. The second was much bent, and the third was considerably indented.

The First Railway in China.

The opening of the short line of rails from Shanghai to the village of Kungwang, on June 30th, was an event which marks the commencement of a new era in the history of Chinese civilization—that of the introduction of European scientific and mechanical agencies of improvement. This line is rather more than ten miles in length, and the portion now opened, from Woosung to Kungwang, is five miles and a quarter. The line, being merely an experimental one, constructed with a view to something better following, is only two feet six inches gauge. All the earthwork is finished, and the station-houses at Woosung Creek and the signal station at Woosung are built. Seven miles of rails are laid, and of thirteen bridges twelve have been completed, while the thirteenth is in progress. The permanent station at Shanghai is in course of erection, and will be of an ornamental character. The weight of the engines is nine tons, in working order, and each engine carries enough coal and water to run to Woosung and back. The carriages are well-built and fitted; they are five feet wide, and constructed to accommodate twenty passengers in the first-class, and twenty-four in the second and third. On the opening day invitations had been sent to as many ladies and gentlemen of the European settlements as the six carriages, which at present constitute the total passenger rolling stock of the company, would comfortably accommodate. The number was 164. The open country was soon reached, and the train went steadily along at about fifteen miles per hour, with a remarkable absence of oscillation. The country people at work in the fields only ceased from their labor for the little time occupied by the train in passing by, and then quietly resumed their employment. They seemed immensely interested, but decidedly in the sense of enjoyment rather than hostility.

The Prince of Italy in Russia.

Although no particular political significance is attached to it, European society has been considerably exercised over the visit to the Emperor of Russia, in July last, of Prince Humbert, the heir-apparent to the Italian throne, and the Princess Marguerite, his wife. Two weeks ago we gave an illustration of the genial manner in which the royal Southerners were entertained at St. Petersburg. In our present issue we present a cut representing their arrival at that capital.

VAGARIES OF THE HOUR.

A MAN-EATER shark, eight feet and nine inches long, has been caught at Newport, R. I., in a seine. It divides attention with a mackerel eight and a half feet long that weighs eight hundred pounds.

A DEADWOOD trader who recently returned to Omaha from the Black Hills declares that there are plenty of men in the Hills who have from \$10,000 to \$15,000 buried, waiting a chance to pack it out. He had heard of one nugget which weighed up to \$640, and there were plenty of \$10 and \$25 nuggets.

A PANE of glass eight feet square, slightly marred by an accident, was removed for a new one in Troy, N. Y., and placed again to the side of a building. Suddenly the glass flew into pieces. One of the fragments struck a woman and cut a deep gash. No cause is assigned for the singular explosion, which was accompanied by a loud noise.

A PATENT has been taken out in England for brown-paper blankets as bed-coverings. They compensate for their lightness by their density, and add materially to warmth. They are perforated at distances of about four inches, in order to promote ventilation, and the small sizes, forty-eight by thirty-one inches, sell at about nine cents each. Several contracts have been made for hospitals and schools.

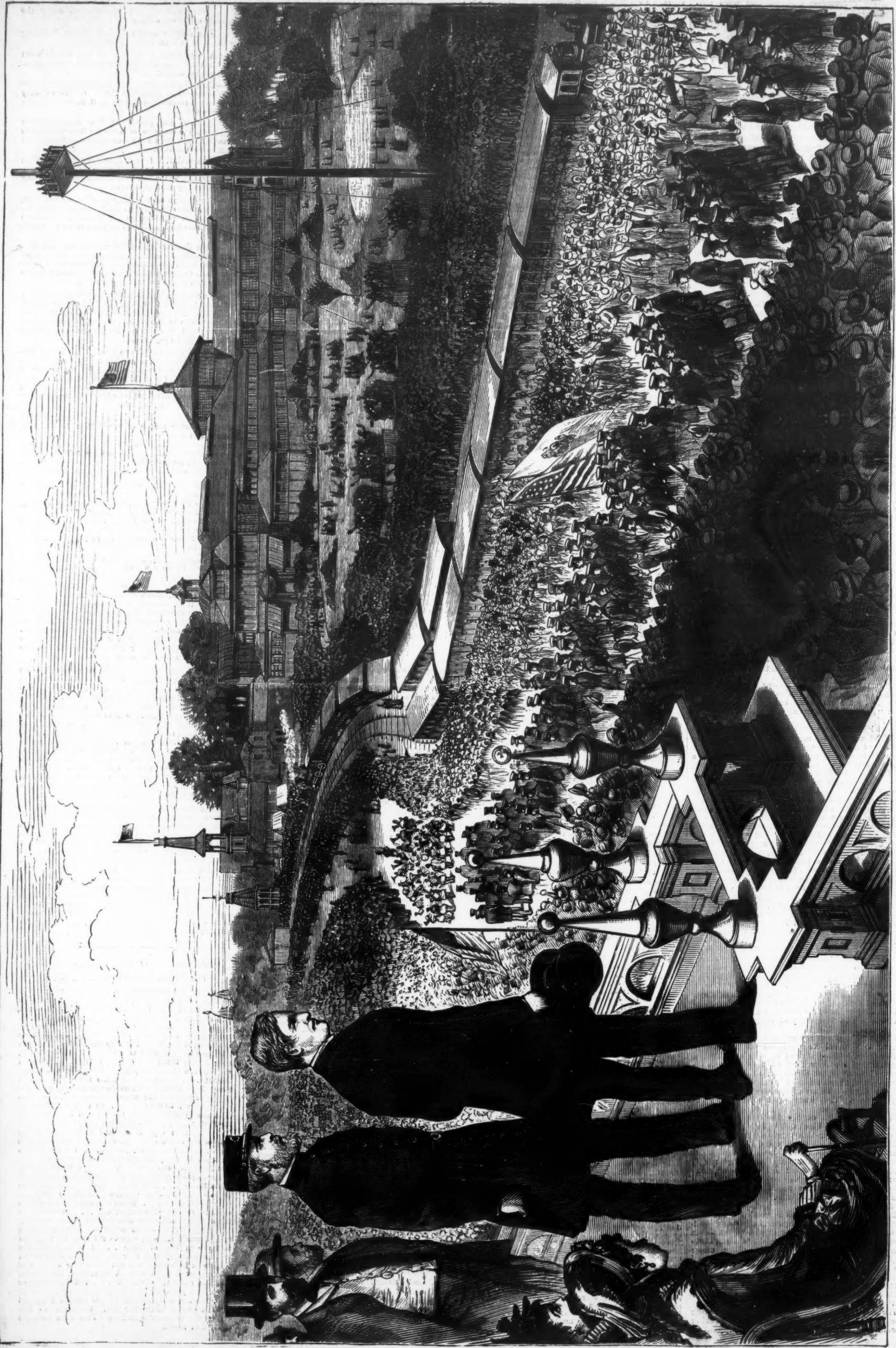
CENTENNIAL NOTES.

- The cattle show opened on the 21st inst.
- THREE-FOURTHS of the visitors enter the Grounds before one o'clock.
- The display in the United States Building is estimated in value at over \$2,000,000.
- A NOTICEABLE feature of the Swedish art exhibit is the large number and general excellence of paintings by women.
- The Granite State has decided upon October 11th as the "New Hampshire Day." Governor Cheney will hold a reception, and Hon. A. H. Stevens will deliver the address.
- AMONG the guests at the Massachusetts Building at the reception of Governor Rice was Charles Francis Adams, the former's competitor at the ensuing election for Governor.
- The malarial fevers, dysentery and diarrhea which were stated to be prevalent among the visitors to the Exhibition by the New York *Herald* have statistically been refuted by medical experts.
- SPECIMENS of the Kansas corn, wheat, oats, hemp, and other agricultural products of mammoth development on exhibition in the Kansas and Colorado Building have been purchased by Barnum for his traveling show.
- The destruction of the booths and shanties near the buildings outside the Grounds by fire recently have awakened the authorities, and others are to be torn down to avert a more dangerous repetition of the affair which at any moment might follow.
- The total admissions for May were 684,940; for June, 1,002,825; for July, 906,447; and for August, 1,175,314. The grand total admissions, up to Friday the 8th inst., were 4,209,145, and the total cash receipts, \$1,430,399.24. The cash receipts are averaging \$30,000 daily thus far for September.
- The displays of fruits of all kinds in the Pomological Building from the different States have been very creditable to the management of the Bureau of Agriculture, Mr. Landreth, the chief, and Mr. Roney, of the Bureau. California, Massachusetts, and many of the other States, have sent their best specimens of these luscious products of the soil.
- The Exposition will help to teach us that there is another portion of Europe than the Germany, France, and Italy upon which the tourist usually expends his energy, and that far off in that region which the ancients called Scandinavia there lives a refined, erudite and energetic people, who have kept abreast with the moving world in the arts, sciences and industries.
- The Swedish art collection has been a surprise to all but a few connoisseurs who were not unfamiliar with names of Bergh, Björnsen, Herzeberg, Kjörbom, Hermelin, Lindgren, Nordenberg and Ribbing. The most conspicuous in the Swedish collection, both on account of its size and excellence, is "The Burning of the Royal Palace at Stockholm in the youth of Charles the Twelfth," by J. Hockert.
- PENNSYLVANIA'S day was Sept. 28th; Rhode Island's will be Oct. 5th. Then will follow, although not in the order here named, as their dates have not been officially announced, the celebrations of Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. It is intended to end the series with a reunion of the Governors of all the States and Territories. Special reduced rates were fixed by the railway companies for the accommodation of all wishing to participate in the celebration of New Jersey and New York's day, and doubtless similar arrangements will be made for the days fixed by the other States.
- The anachronisms of Art, so to speak, seem to have expended themselves on the various statues of Washington set up in the halls and the grounds at the Exhibition. The mammoth statue of the Father of his Country in front of Judges' Hall is represented as in the act of stepping from a boat in which he has crossed the Delaware. The ankle of his boot has sunk deep into a 20-inch rifle projectile—recently invented. The owner of the Little Hatchet is again immortalized in plaster at the entrance of the Art Hall, not sitting upon, but the whole of his legs are merged in, the back of an eagle—possibly the American one—which he appears to be driving with reins—but in truth, is gathering up the folds of his robe. The modeler means well, however—he calls it Washington Rising from America.
- ABOUT the 1st of June a considerable quantity of most dangerous explosives was brought from the torpedo station at Newport, R. I., and placed on exhibition in the United States Building in glass bottles. Six of these vials contained in all a quart of nitro glycerine, and one of them a quart of dynamite. In addition to these were upwards of a dozen other bottles and jars containing each from half a pint to a quart of explosive matter far more powerful than gunpowder. A marine was placed on guard at the case containing these terrible compounds to prevent the fatal concussion liable to be caused at any moment by jostling visitors. Fearing serious results, the explosives, by the order of Secretary Robeson, were about August removed, and thrown into the lake, where they are decomposing on its bottom.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC NOTES.

FOR WEEK ENDING SEPT. 23, 1876.

"BABA," the long-promised spectacle, was produced at Niblo's Garden, Monday, September 18th. It is an Arabian Night story very gorgeously set. . . . The Park Theatre opened on Monday evening, September 18th, with a melodrama called "Clouds," from the pen of Mr. Fred Marsden. Smooth in its acting, clever in its situations, it is nevertheless very improbable. . . . The Florences are closing a very successful engagement in the "Mighty Dollar" at Wallack's. The regular season will open with an entirely original play now in rehearsal. . . . Stuart Robson takes the "Two Men of Sandy Bar" from the Union Square Theatre to Washington, and then to Baltimore. On October 2d the "Two Orphans" will be revived. . . . Mr. Charles F. Coghlan, from the Princess Theatre, London, has made a hit at the Fifth Avenue Theatre as *Alfred Evelyn* in "Money." . . . "Life; or City Types in Four Phases," is the title of Mr. Daly's new play, which will introduce Miss Amy Fausitt, leading lady, also from London, and a ballet led by the *premieres* Solhke and Bonfanti. . . . Mrs. James A. Oates has been giving a series of very clever English comic opera performances at the Grand Opera House. . . . Mlle. Aimée appeared at the Lyceum Theatre on Monday evening, September 25th, in "Giroflé-Girofla." . . . Booth's Theatre is enjoying a splendid run of "Sardanapalus." . . . A season of Italian Opera under the management of Mr. Cariberg, with Eugénie Pappenheim as the star, and one directed by Max Strakosch, with Signora Palmieri, are promised us at the Academy of Music. . . . J. H. McKiver, the well known manager of Chicago, has taken the Lyceum Theatre in New York, and will inaugurate a season of Shakespearean plays early in November, with Edwin Booth as the chief attraction. . . . The Philharmonic Society has just published its programme for the Winter. The first rehearsal will be held October 20th, and the first concert November 4th. The sixth and last concert will be given April 28th. This is the Society's thirty-fifth season.

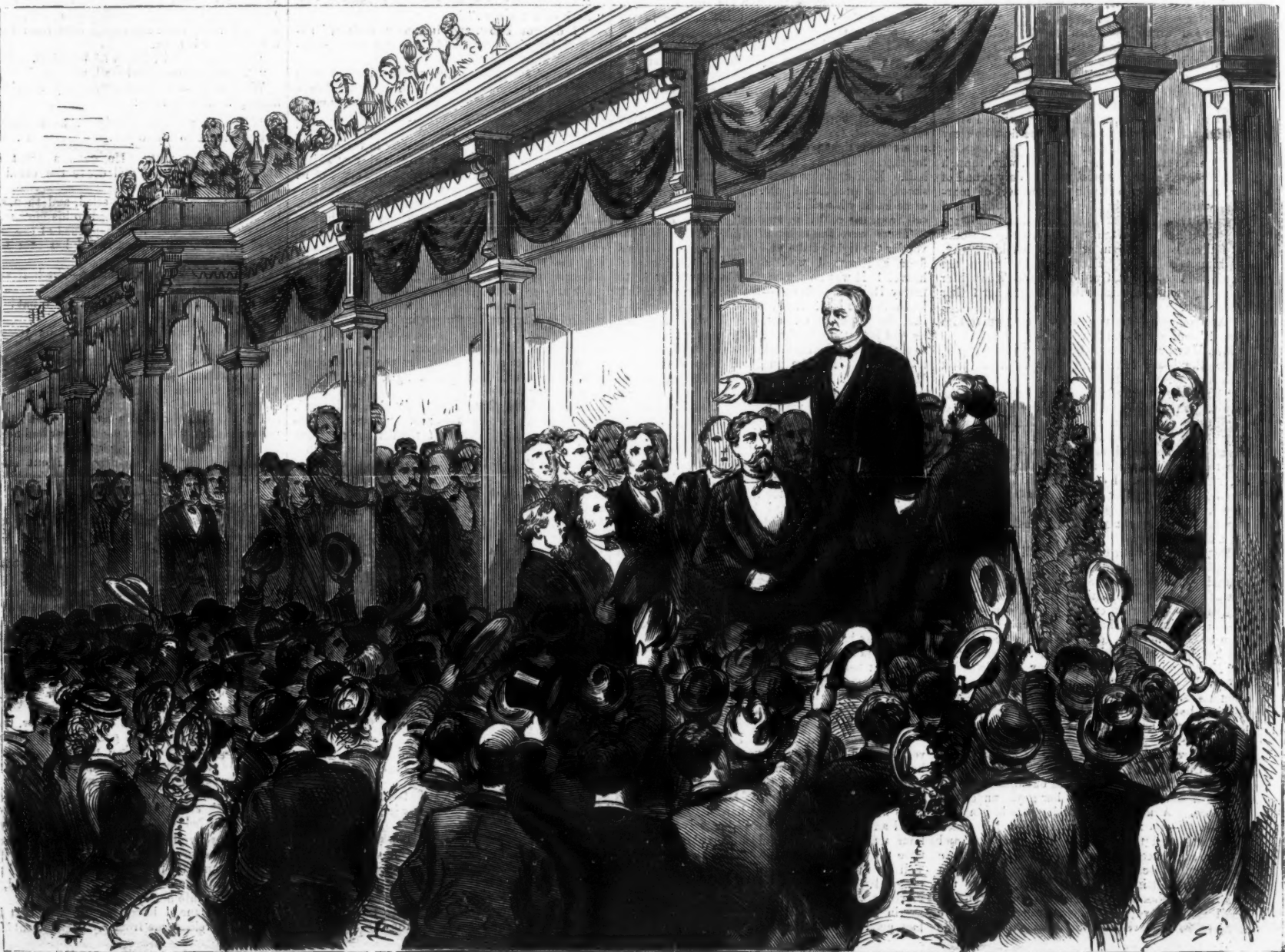


PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"NEW YORK DAY," SEPTEMBER 21st—REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK CITY POLICE BY GOVERNOR TILDEN, FROM THE BALCONY OF THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 70.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"NEW YORK DAY," SEPTEMBER 21ST—GOVERNOR TILDEN'S RECEPTION IN THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.
SEE PAGE 70.



PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—"NEW YORK DAY," SEPTEMBER 21ST—GOVERNOR TILDEN'S ADDRESS FROM THE BALCONY OF THE NEW YORK STATE BUILDING, FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 70.

A SUPPLEMENT IS PRESENTED WITH THIS NUMBER, CONSISTING OF A DOUBLE-PAGE ILLUSTRATION OF THE EXPLOSION OF THE HELL-GATE OBSTRUCTIONS.

THE DISTANT SHIP.

THE sea-bird's wing o'er ocean breast
Shoots like a glancing star,
While the red radiance of the west
Spreads kindling fast and far;
And yet that splendor wins thee not—
Thy still and thoughtful eye
Dwells but on one dark distant spot
Of all the main and sky.

Look round thee, o'er the slumbering deep
A solemn glory broods;
A fire bath touched the beacon steep,
And all the golden woods;
A thousand gorgeous clouds on high
Burn with the amber light;
What spell from that rich pageantry
Chains down that gazing sight?

A softening thought of human cares,
A feeling link'd to earth!
Is not you speak a bark which bears
The loved of many a hearth?
Oh! do not Hope, and Grief, and Fear,
Crowd her frail world even now,
And manhood's prayer and woman's tear
Follow her venturesome prow?

Bright are the floating clouds above,
The glittering seas below:
But we are bound by cords of love
To kindred weal and woe.
Therefore, amidst this wide army
Of glorious things and fair,
My soul is on that bark's lone way—
For human hearts are there.

A Girl's Vengeance.

BY
ETTA W. PIERCE,

AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF A BIRTH," "THE TANKARD
OF BENEVOLENCE," "THE BIRTHMARK," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ANOTHER GHOST.

ON the twenty-fourth of December, the Hazelwoods left Brighton and returned to Kent to spend Christmas at the old Hall.

The weather was frosty and bitter. The naked park and gardens stood up writhing in the wintry gusts. The *parterres* were bare and lifeless. Dead leaves fluttered in the frozen avenues.

It was three by the clock when the carriage which brought them from the station rolled up the frosty drive, and stopped at the door. Guy Hazelwood, tall, blonde, and radiant, sprang out upon the walk, and helped his mother and Dorothy to alight.

"Home again!" he murmured, in the ear of the latter. "This is now your home in good earnest, darling!"

They entered the house. The oak-paneled rooms were ablaze with generous fires, and shining from end to end with red holly-berries and mistletoe. From an open door, Sarah Johnson's sorrowful, silent face peered out upon the returned trio, but was gone again before either of them saw it.

Dolly changed her traveling-dress and fluttered down to the drawing-room, where the Christmas glow and splendor seemed to bid defiance to the death and cold outside the mullioned windows. The girl was in a perfect fever of happiness. Mrs. Hazelwood drew her down to the velvet sofa whereon she was resting after her ride, looked in her great joyful eyes, at the radiant dimples coming and going about her proud young mouth, and smiled indulgently in spite of herself.

"And so I brought you from Sea View to be Guy's wife?" she said, with a half-smothered sigh. "Ah! I might have known from the first how my experiment would end, dear!"

She was very fond of her *protégée*, who, though penniless, was a true Hazelwood. Very proud of her, also, and though it was not the sort of marriage which the stately English gentleman had hoped Guy would make, she concealed her disappointment like a Spartan. Since his choice would not fall on Lady Evelyn, or any of her kind, why, let him take Dolly. There was justice in the union, at least. By it, Cyril Hazelwood's daughter would enter into the inheritance which her father had missed.

"Are you quite sure you are willing to give him to me?" murmured Dolly, rather suspiciously.

Mrs. Hazelwood patted the creamy young cheek, where the blood came and went in fitful pink flashes.

"Yes," she answered; "for you, I think, are the only woman who can make him happy. His first *mélangé* embittered his whole life, and I want Guy to be happy now at any cost. I have long feared that he would never marry again. Help him to forget his past sorrows, darling, and I will ask nothing more. I only hope that Lord Dane may look at the matter in its proper light. He is very headstrong and passionate, you know. He may take the thwarting of his dearest wish somewhat ill."

But on this rapturous day, Dolly thrust the thought of Lord Dane determinedly into the background. To-morrow she would attend to him. It was not pleasant to anticipate the "scene" that was sure to follow when she should demand her release of him. Neither did she care to think upon his lady-mother, for Dolly was a good hater, and had by no means forgiven her titled enemy.

"Nothing but my love for Guy Hazelwood," she said to herself, "could have forced me to abandon my plan against that woman's peace—nothing but my love for him, my—prince, my master—could have saved me from marriage with Lord Dane!"

The three dined sumptuously, upon this gray, frosty Christmas Eve, and when the meal was done, Guy Hazelwood sauntered out into the great hall with Dorothy, and kissed her gayly under the mistletoe. A monstrous yule-log was blazing on the hearth—its red light flickered on the black oak panels and the immense brass fire-dogs, and over the escutcheon of the Hazelwoods carved above the chimney-piece. At the far end of the place a servant was flitting noiselessly about, putting the finishing touches to the Christmas decorations—a small unobtrusive person, more eager to observe than to be observed—Sarah Johnson, in fact, the

London sewing-woman. Absorbed as the lovers were in each other, they paid no heed to her. Guy drew his companion to the fire—its red light shone on their handsome happy faces.

"My first English Christmas!" said Dolly "and oh, what a merry, merry one! Poor Aunt Prue! I wonder what she is doing to-night, alone and lonely, at Sea View? You know she does not like you, Guy—she has repeatedly warned me against you—here Dolly laughed a gay little laugh, sweet to hear. "What will she say when she learns that I am to be your wife?"

The woman at the far end of the hall dropped her holly wreaths and turned a wild, white, startled face upon the unconscious pair.

"Write to her, darling," said Guy, "and beg her to come and make her home with us henceforth at Hazel Hall."

Dolly shook her fair head.

"She would never do that—she could not leave Sea View. She was born there, and there all her kin lie buried. But some time we must visit her, Guy—we must, indeed—if only to show her how unfair was her prejudice against you."

He leaned against the chimney-piece, with a smile in his sleepy eyes.

"If you like, we will extend our bridal tour to Massachusetts, Dolly, and, *apropos* to that, I beg you let that same tour come soon. What reason have we for delay? None. To-morrow you will obtain your release from Lord Dane. After that you must name an early day in which to marry me."

The faint color flitted into her face.

"How imperious you are!" she laughed.

"Yes, I wish to make sure of my new-found happiness."

She put her white hand on the arm of her lover, the only man for whom her intense passionate heart had ever felt the smallest thrill of allegiance.

"And are you sure that I really can make you happy, Guy?" she murmured.

"Am I sure that you are yourself and no other, you beautiful heart-breaker?"

"You were miserable in your first marriage, were you not?—pardon me for speaking of it now. How jealous I grow when I think of it. How I wish it had never been!"

"Amen!" he answered, bitterly. "I agree with you there. Yes, I was miserable, Dolly, supremely so!"

"Am I like her in any respect—your former wife, I mean?"

"No," he replied, in a hard, cold tone, "God forbid that you should be! Don't talk of my first marriage; help me, instead, to forget it. It is a nightmare that has hung upon me too long already. Henceforth I will have no past but in you, Dolly!"

And he snatched her to his heart, and kissed her again and again.

"Hark! what is that?" said Dolly, releasing herself from her lover's arms.

She had heard a sound at the far end of the hall—a dull thud—like a fall. Both looked, but saw only the mistletoe and holly gleaming in the dim light. The flitting figure of Sarah Johnson had vanished!

"It was nothing," said Guy Hazelwood. And he drew Dolly's hand through his arm, and, turning from the yule-log, joined his mother in the drawing-room.

And Sarah Johnson? Prone on the black oak-floor, under the green holly-boughs, where the shadow of a damask-draped window fell mercifully upon her, she lay, face downward, and senseless as the dead.

The fire burned on unseen, the bitter wind swept across the neighboring panes, a great clock in a corner ticked off the minutes. But happily for the unconscious girl, no one passed through the hall. Half-an-hour went by. Finally a shudder shook her prostrate figure. Slowly consciousness came back, with all its tortments. She lifted herself from the cold floor and looked around.

There were the holly wreaths over her head—yonder the light of the yule-log played on polished floor and carved wall and banister. Merciful heaven! It was no dream, then—he was going to marry Dolly Hazelwood—the blow, long dreaded, had fallen, at last! And now what should she do—she, the disguised servant, the divorced wife that he had long thought dead? Quivering from head to foot, she stood, with black eyes dilating in speechless agony. Had she punished herself enough? Had she paid dearly enough for the joy of an occasional glimpse of his fair, cruel face—for the knowledge that her very memory was abhorrent to him? Yes—yes! Noiseless as a spirit she turned and fled up the stair to the servants' quarters—to the small, plain bedroom, which, as Mrs. Hazelwood's seamstress, she had occupied for weeks and months. Hardly had she reached its shelter when a rap on the door startled her. She turned back, opened it, and admitted her so-called sister—Johnson, the waiting-maid.

The latter had a candle in her hand; she dropped it upon the nearest resting place, and stared at the girl—Jacquita Dobbin now—not Sarah Johnson any more—with fear and trembling.

"Oh, madame!" she quavered, in a tone altogether different from that in which she was wont to address the seamstress before her fellow-servants, "what has happened to you?"

Jacquita stood panting and pale in the centre of the floor; her tragic black eyes looked like coals.

"Why did you not tell me he was going to marry her?" she cried. "You were at Brighton with Mrs. Hazelwood—you must have known it!"

Johnson burst into tears.

"Yes, madame, I did, and I was a-going to tell you as soon as ever we two were alone; I came here to do it this very minute. Oh, madame, dear madame, don't look like that!"

The girl began to tear off her coarse servant's dress with desperate, hurried hands.

"I am going away," she said hoarsely; "another hour under this roof would kill me! I have still time to catch the evening express to London. Tell Mrs. Hazelwood whatever story you like about my sudden departure. She will be angry, no doubt. Never mind. Should you lose your place, come to me in London, and I will more than make the loss good to you. Quick, Johnson! help me to

dress. Once—just once, I will be myself before I leave this house!"

She rushed to the toilet-stand, and washed from her face and hands the yellow tint which had so long disfigured them, also certain lines about the eyes and mouth and brows, which had given to her countenance its worn, thin look. Marble white, fine as satin, shone the natural skin beneath the stain. Next she took a vial from her pocket, poured its contents into a basin of water, and thrust into it her loosened hair. The dead yellow tint vanished from its luxuriant lengths. Black as midnight the silky tresses emerged from their bath, and streamed in a wet torrent to her waist.

"Hasten, Johnson! Dress my hair!" cried Jacquita. And the waiting-woman, in a dazed, speechless way, obeyed.

Then, at a sign from the imperative little hand of this girl, who had so suddenly assumed the rôle of mistress, she flew to a box in the corner, and, overturning its contents, brought to light a dress of rich, lustrous black, with a mantle and hat of the same hue, trimmed with priceless black fox-fur.

Mechanically Jacquita put on the dress—a marvel of Parisian art—adjusted its frills of old lace, hung at her throat a cross of pearls, moved back a step, and looked drearly at her own image in the glass—a splendid, alluring image, like the embodied glory of a southern night, but, oh! with what woe upon it now—what a passion of unshed tears shining in the great eyes!

"Ah!" gasped Johnson, breathlessly, "if he could only see you now, madame! Why, Miss Dolly, with all her beauty, can't compare with you!"

Jacquita shuddered away from the glass.

"Johnson," she began, with a smile that was sadder than tears, "do you remember the day I met you at poor Sarah's bedside, in old Brompton? You had come to tell your sister that a seamstress was wanted at Hazel Hall. I confessed to you that I was Guy Hazelwood's divorced wife. I gave Sarah fifty pounds for the place which she was too sick to fill. I gave you another fifty to keep my secret. You were grateful to me because I had been kind to Sarah, and you allowed yourself to become an accessory in my plot. Do you remember this?"

"Yes, oh, yes, madame!" answered Johnson, with fresh tears. "You were blessed to poor Sarah always; never did she make stage-dresses for such another—no, never! An angel of goodness, that's what she called you. And she, at this minute, at a cottage in Hastings, which is good for weak lungs, and never could have gone there but for you! Nobody would dream, to look at you now, madame, that you were the person that has been a-sitting for weeks and months a-sewing here. Sarah told me you were a great actress, and I'm mortal sure of it now."

Jacquita pressed her hand to her heart.

"I played my part tolerably well, did I not, Johnson?" she said, with a sort of choking sob in her voice. "Oh, such a hard, hard part! But it is over now—the time has come for the curtain to fall!"

As she stood there in that plain chamber, with the candlelight streaming on her small, richly-draped figure and tragic white face, her presence made the whole room look like a scene fresh from a drama. Even Johnson felt it.

"Where are you going, madame?" she groaned.

"Back on the stage?"

"I do not know, and it cannot matter," answered Jacquita. "Hark! is that a clock striking?"

"Well," said Johnson, sturdily, "I shall walk with you to Hazelcroft Station, ma'am. It's a good mile there, and you shall never travel it alone at this hour, a beautiful young creature like you. Oh, it's shameful, the way things have turned here! And it's shameful for Miss Dorothy to throw over, as she means to do, that young lord that's just a-dying for her. You'll see what will come of it. It won't end well—no, never!"

The waiting-woman disappeared from the chamber, but returned directly with her own bonnet and shawl. In silence she helped Jacquita to put on the fur-trimmed hat and mantle, and then, extinguishing the light, led the way down the servants' staircase, out into the silent, frosty, wind-swept garden.

Not even Mrs. Hazelwood herself could have recognized her sewing-woman in that slight, black figure, gliding with its small, star-like face, and elegant-lady air, after Johnson.

As the two passed along by the lonely south wing, Jacquita looked up at a light which burned in a window overhead.

"Good-night, Mr. Haddon," she whispered, with a shrug of the shoulders. "I am sorry to leave you without a word of thanks for all your kindness. Good-night, mysterious patient! What would not Dolly Hazelwood give to know the secret of that solitary lamp?"

The garden was dark and silent, save for the creaking of frosty branches in the night wind. The two crept along a laurel walk, and approached an angle in the wall wherein was set the window of Guy Hazelwood's smoking-room. Betwixt its parted curtain they could see the moving shadow of a male figure. Evidently the family party in the drawing-room had broken up.

Jacquita stopped short in her flight, and grasped her attendant's arm.

"Wait one moment," she whispered, her white face growing whiter yet. "It is my last look, Johnson—my last for ever!"

"Oh, madame, he will see you!" answered Johnson, in alarm—"he will, indeed!"

But Jacquita broke from her, and sprang upon the terrace, which ran around this angle in the wall.

"Oh, that Murty's bullet had pierced, not my arm, but my heart, that *fete* night!" she murmured, bitterly.

And then, gliding with noiseless feet along the balustrade, she approached the window and looked cautiously in.

Guy Hazelwood's smoking-den was furnished for comfort rather than show. A smack of masculine untidiness was upon everything. The chairs and lounging sofas stood about in disorder, guns, antlers and various outlandish weapons covered the walls. Old china, bronzes, tobacco-jars and pipe-racks littered the tables. On the hearth lay two

spotted hounds fast asleep; and, leaning against the chimney-piece, filling a curious Turkish pipe with Latakia, stood Guy Hazelwood.

There was a faint smile on his lips, and his face wore a brighter, happier look than it was wont to put on when he was alone. He was thinking of Dolly Hazelwood. Unconsciously Jacquita pressed closer to the pane. The wild beating of her heart nearly suffocated her. Her great moons of eyes dilated wide. She grasped the sill for support. He turned slightly to put down his jar of Latakia. Now let her photograph that blonde, smiling face indelibly on her memory—that face for the sake of which she has played the menial for weeks and months, for the sake of which at this very moment she would lay down her young life! He felt the secret influence of that unseen gaze, for he gave a sudden start and rushed towards the window, stumbling over the sleeping hounds in his haste.

The light from the room within shone far out on the terrace and frosty balustrade. In its broad glare, Jacquita, all in black from head to foot, with a face as white as the dead, and full of an unearthly beauty, stood fully revealed. He saw her—how could he help it?—and over his smiling face swept a swift and terrible change. Every vestige of color faded from it. He stood as if frozen—then staggered back a step and raised his hand to his forehead, and then, *then*, with a smothered cry, rushed to the window, flung up the sash and sprang out upon the terrace.

"Jacquita!" he shouted wildly.

No voice answered. The apparition had vanished like a mist blown across a mirror. Not a living thing was anywhere in sight, not a sound could be heard save the wind in the naked plantations. What had he seen—a ghost or a woman? While with knitted brows and bloodless lips he stood pondering this question, two stealthy dark figures crept out through the entrance-gate of Hazel Hall, and in the gloom and cold of this Christmas Eve, flew off like twin shadows on the road towards Hazelcroft Station.

"Lord have mercy!" groaned Johnson; "that was a narrow escape, madame!"

CHAPTER XXIX.—"GOOD-BY, SWEETHEART!"

"A LETTER for your lordship," said Nixon—the footman. And he extended to Lord Basil, upon a silver salver, a little three-cornered, pink-tinted bit of paper.

It was a Christmas morning, dark, dreary, full of sleet and cold and discomfort, and Lord Dane was taking his late breakfast, in his mother's warm, sumptuous, crimson-hued *boudoir*. From the depth of a neighboring invalid-chair, Lady Dane herself, attended by her waiting-maid, was watching him closely. The Sussex heiress, Miss Dawlish, had left the Priory, and the two were alone.

Her ladyship did not look particularly ill, in spite of her languid air and invalid dress—in spite, too, of the alarming message which had brought Lord Basil from Brighton, and Dolly Hazelwood's sweet company a few days before.

Perhaps the presence of her son, and his rescue, for a little while at least, from the clutches of the enemy, had restored her somewhat. Poor lady! At heart she was harassed and unhappy enough. Anxious and fearful enough she felt, as she watched Lord Basil snatch the note from the salver, and tear it open.

"Who brought it, Nixon?" he asked.

"A groom from Hazel Hall, my lord."

With nervous haste he read Dolly Hazelwood's message. It read thus:

"Come to me immediately—I have something of importance to say to you. D. H."

Nothing but that. He gave a great start. Some presentiment of evil drove the blood from his face.

"My horse, Nixon!" he cried, and then, as the lacquey disappeared, he turned to his mother.

"Something must have happened at the Hall," he stammered. "Miss Hazelwood has sent for me in haste."

Her face grew dark and bitter—she half started from her chair.

"That girl again!" she cried. "What! is she back?"

"Yes, the Hazelwoods left Brighton yesterday. God grant that she is not ill!"

"Have no fear of that!" sneered Lady Dane. "She would not send for you in that case. People who are ill wish to have about them only those whom they love."

He did not heed this parting shot. A few moments after, the ardent young lover had mounted his horse, and was riding at a breakneck pace down the long carriage-drive and out into the high road towards Hazel Hall.

Sleet and rain blotted the dull, wintry landscape; the echo of Christmas bells drifted down the biting wind. A strange foreboding of trouble goaded Lord Dane. He tore along the sloppy, storm-blurred road like the wild huntsman himself, with eyes strained eagerly forward to catch the gray facade of Hazel Hall.

It came in sight, at last, frowning upon him, through the rain. He dashed up the main avenue, and leaped out of his saddle at the door.

"Is Miss Hazelwood ill?" was his first question to the servant who admitted him.

"No, my lord—there is nobody ill here," answered the man; and then he opened the drawing-room-door, and ushered the visitor into Dolly Hazelwood's presence.

She was standing alone by the window, leaning one arm against it, and gazing thoughtfully out into the rain. She looked unusually sober and subdued—as if, in fact, she dreaded the unpleasant task before her. There was something altogether strange to him in her appearance. He stared at her in silence, expecting he knew not what. She held out her hand in a deprecating way.

"How prompt you are!" she began, essaying to smile, but growing grave again instantly. He advanced and stood by her side.

"What is the matter, Dorothy?" he said, looking straight into her eyes.

"Lord Dane, I have sent for you; that I may ask you to release me from my engagement!"

The blood ebbed slowly from his face.

"Dorothy!"

"I am going to tell you everything," she said humbly. "I am going to show you just how mean and treacherous and unworthy I am, and after I have done that, you will rejoice in your freedom."

He never spoke a word, only stood like a stone, with his black, volcanic eyes fastened on her face.

"I never have loved you in the least," said Dorothy, gazing straight away from him out into the dreary day. "I have never tried to love you. I meant to marry you for your wealth and position only. I meant to thwart Lady Dane's plans concerning you, to wring her heart, to make her life miserable, to strike at all her dearest wishes through you—her idol. I should have done it, too, but for one nobler and better than I." The color flashed into her averted face.

"You mean Guy Hazelwood!" cried Lord Dane, hoarsely.

"Yes," answered Dolly; "he has saved me from wronging you immeasurably, my lord."

He set his furious teeth.

"Dorothy, do you love that man?"

She turned resolutely towards him. It was better to tell him the truth at once.

"Yes, I love him, Lord Dane!"

"And he loves you?"

"Yes."

"You wish to break your engagement with me, that you may marry him?"

She drew his blazing diamond quietly from her finger.

"Yes. He has saved us both. But for him I should have married you, and ruined both our lives. Forgive me—I ask it from my heart—and take back your ring, Lord Dane. Your lady-mother I abhor; if you wish to know why, ask her for an explanation! But you—you have never injured me or mine—why should I harm you? Forget me as soon as possible. I do not deny that I would be glad to cry quits with Lady Dane—glad to wipe out a certain account which I hold against her. But from this hour I renounce all thought of obtaining revenge through you!"

He stared at her like one dazed. There was an expression on his ashen young face not good to see. As she held out the ring, he drew back.

(To be continued.)

Amusements in Japan.

THE Japanese are a light-hearted, pleasure-loving race, and fond of amusements which would seem to us childish in the extreme. Theatricals have an especial charm for them. Their theatres are numerous, and in every variety, from the *shibuya* to the small way-side *yase*, or house of entertainment, generally recognizable by a ghastly daub representing either a ghost or some horrible tragedy, and also by the high-pitched voice of the actor inside. The highest and most classical performance is the *no*; it is in the palace of the Mikado and in the houses of the highest nobles, the actors being of the *samurai*, or upper class, and wearing masks. These performances are not of frequent occurrence, and Europeans can only have the *entree* to them by invitation. The *shibuya* is the ordinary theatre, and is much in favor with all classes of Japanese. These *shibuya* in the time of the Shogun commenced as early as six o'clock in the morning, but at present they begin an hour or two later, and occupy the entire day till five o'clock in the evening. Women have hitherto never performed in the theatres, the female characters having always been represented by men; lately, however, a company of female actresses have been formed in Kyoto, and as, according to report, they have met with great success, no doubt the introduction of women on the stage will become more popular. The pieces represented are not always in keeping with Western ideas of taste and propriety, and therefore it is well to ascertain beforehand what the play is to be. However, in this as in other things, a great step towards improvement has been made during the last few years. A short time ago, says a recent writer, we made up a party to visit the theatre in Yeddo (or Tokyo as it is now called), taking the precaution to secure a couple of boxes beforehand. We chose the theatre at Osakusa, that being still free from all would-be European innovations, by which so many places and things are spoiled by the Japanese; for they frequently discard much of their own that is good, and substitute only trumpery imitations of European modes. . . . We drove to the teahouse where our tickets had been procured, and the master at once conducted us across the road to the theatre, a barn-like, wooden building, with galleries and passages around three sides, the roof a mass of beams and rafters from which are festooned innumerable colored curtains with tinsel and paper flowers. The performance takes place by daylight, which of course is a disadvantage, and makes all defects more easily seen. On the occasion of our visit the piece was an historical romance; the performance had already begun, and we arrived in the middle of a scene representing the Shogun (Tycoon) surrounded by his ministers, and sitting in judgment on the son of the prime minister. The dresses were very handsome and costly, and the smiles of the court dresses of the period. The Shogun sat cross-legged on a cushion on a raised dais, just as we see in the old pictures, a most uncomfortable-looking cloth of gold cap on his head, fastened under the chin and wearing a very handsome dress of rich silk and cloth of gold. The ministers and courtiers at distances in accordance with their rank, looked very ludicrous in their high cowl-shaped hats, with a white band round their forehead, flowing robes, and long, white, silk trousers, the length of the latter being a yard longer than the wearer's legs. These long trousers are arranged as a train while the courtiers sit, and give him the appearance of walking on his knees when he stands upright, that being supposed to be the most respectful mode of progression when in presence of royalty, but rather detrimental to the garments, and expensive also, considering the high price of silk in Japan. The acting was very good, and true to nature throughout, and the plot quite evident to any one unacquainted with the language; the stage and scenery are most primitive, and no attempt is made to conceal the mysteries connected with the change of scenery, etc.

A Sicilian Legend.

MANY of the Sicilian stories seem to us to savor of the profane. They have a very different way of dealing with subjects in Southern Europe from that which obtains on the other side of the Alps. With us such talk could only spring from what we call "godlessness"; with them it marks the strength, and at the same time the unreasonableness, of their faith. It is the same with those savage tribes who beat their gods when they can't get what they want; the fact of a man's treating his deity in such a way proves his belief in its

power. If it could not have helped him, what is the use of punishing it? So with the Sicilian or Neapolitan, who keeps his saint on short allowance—nay, sometimes abuses him in choice Billingsgate—if he has chosen a bad number at the lottery or otherwise failed in anything he had set his mind on; he believes in his saint, and therefore tries to influence him for the future. This is Ultramontanism, the religion on the other side of the mountains; and the more we keep clear of it the better for us in every way. Every Sicilian peasant devoutly believes that our Saviour and his apostles traveled a great deal in the island. One evening, worn out with fatigue, they came in sight of a lone farm-house. Knocking at the door, Peter asked: "For the sake of God and the Virgin, will you give us food and shelter? We're poor pilgrims, half dead with hunger." Now the farmer and his wife were just drawing the bread from the oven, but they had no idea of stinting themselves to feed thirteen hungry men. "We've nothing for you," said they. "But there's fresh straw in the barn. You're welcome to a night's lodging there." So they went in and lay down without a word. By-and-by a band of robbers came, and in a twinkling cleared out everything that was in the farm-house. Then they went to the barn, and said: "Who's there? Stand out, all of you, if you value your lives." "Oh," said Peter, "we're thirteen poor hungry pilgrims, whom that churl of a farmer sent in here, without so much as offering us a crust, or asking us to take a seat." "If that's it, my men, come along; there's the bread just warm—eat your fill; the farmer can't stop you, for he and all his people are tied up hand and foot. And good-by, for we must be moving." So out they came, and fell to with right good will; and as they were eating, Peter said: "What a very poor trade an apostle's is compared with a robber's." "Blessed be the robber's," cried the eleven, "for they don't forget the hungry poor." "Yes, you are right," added the Master, "blessed be the robbers." Such a story shows the popular feeling about brigandage: a feeling which is proved in a singular way by the existence of a church in Palermo—Madonna del Flume—dedicated "to the souls of those who have been beheaded." This church is full of ex-votos—little pictures, often of the rudest kind, representing the aid brought by "the beheaded" to those who have invoked them. They are even helpful against their living brethren: one picture shows the deliverance of a "beheaded" from the hands of bandits. He was attacked as he was carrying a large sum of money; but no sooner had he begun to pray to his friends, than down came a company of headless ex-brigands, and as the attacking party was well-armed, each ghost brought his skeleton in his hand, and laid about him so lustily that the robbers were soon put to flight. In fact, the worship of the beheaded brigands rivals that of the Virgin Mary among the poor of Palermo.

Australian Conveyances.

MUCH more money is annually spent in Sydney, in proportion to the population, than in London, on omnibuses. The greater heat of the climate furnishes a simple explanation of this apparent indulgence, and during the hot summer days any conveyance is willingly availed of. Until recently the vehicles provided were a disgrace to the city, and the patient endurance of the ancient conveyances, although constantly grumbled at and abused, would, were proof needed, at once mark the fact that the population was essentially British. Two new companies have, however, rendered good service by placing a better class of vehicle on some of the roads to the suburbs; still there are too many of the old "rabbit-butches on wheels," as they have been described, on some of the less important omnibus routes. The cabs are, however, infinitely superior to those in London, and their drivers a much more civil and respectable class of men. The London "four-wheeler" is unknown; in its place is a pair-horse open or closed carriage. The cab-fares are about double London rates. The general omnibus fare about town is three pence, and to more distant suburbs some multiple of that figure. The "Londoner" will speedily find that the three-penny-piece has an infinite number of equivalents in value in Sydney; a glass of English beer costs three pence, so do "nobblers" of spirits; more three-penny cigars are sold than any other, and churchwardens will tell you it is the predominant coin in the church plate. "The Londoner," with his vigor, yet unaffected by the warmer climate, usually despises both the vehicle itself and the paltry distances so often ridden, but it is astonishing how in due course of time he falls into the prevalent habit. It must not be assumed that the climate is enervating to any appreciable extent, but, after a few years' residence, although possessing his full muscular vigor, he appears less inclined to exert the same. Constitutions vary so much, however, that what is here stated by no means applies to all emigrants; still it is sufficiently perceptible to justify remark. Dinner-omnibuses are certainly quite peculiar to Sydney, and may offer a hint to Londoners. A number of omnibuses start daily from the principal business centre, near the Post Office, and may be seen generally loaded inside and out with clerks and employees out of the numerous offices and warehouses in that neighborhood, bound for their residences in the suburbs, the time of their journey varying from perhaps ten to twenty minutes. The firing of the one o'clock gun is the signal for their rapid departure, the passengers being gradually dropped at their houses or lodgings, where they make the best use of their time to demolish their dinner or lunch prior to the return of their omnibus, which is timed to arrive back at the starting-point by two o'clock. Many large offices and warehouses close their doors and turn out all hands between these hours, and it will be obvious to business men that this simultaneous feeding-time has many advantages to recommend it. This dinner or lunch hour is so generally adopted that at the corresponding hour in London friends at home perhaps are about to retire for the night, and indulging in a thought of some absent loved one and his doings, may perceive the unsentimental assurance that he is eating, has eaten, or is about to eat.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

THE following story was told of a Yankee ship-captain and his mate: "Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders all of the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after the game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he saw he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hand as if merely examining the china, he said: 'This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool,' and set it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. 'Is it possible?' said the mate: 'I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling,' and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. 'I tell you what, young one,' said the captain, 'you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.'

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Removing Stumps with Dynamite.—Dynamite has been applied to this troublesome business in England with success. Not long since a number of experiments were made in the presence of a committee of farmers. Several stumps which had been dug up were split into stove-wood with a few ounces of dynamite. The experiments were concluded by blowing bodily out of the ground a large intact oak root; this was done by making a crowbar-hole between the ties or main roots, and inserting a charge of dynamite under the centre. On the shot being fired, the root was lifted completely from its bed.

Improvement in Safety Lamps.—An improvement in safety-lamps has been devised by M. A. B. Boullenoit, of Paris. It consists in supplying safety-lamps with air from outside the mine. Fixed pipes are carried down the mine, and branches are led into all the workings. Through these compressed air is forced from the surface by air-pumps, and lamps are screwed to the air-pipes. The cylinder which incloses the flame is protected by a cage, and the products of combustion pass off through two pieces of wire-gauze. The match for lighting the lamp is inserted through a spring clip, ignited within the lamp, and cannot be withdrawn until extinguished.

A Solar Engine.—M. Mouchot has recently exhibited to the French Academy of Science a simple form of solar engine. It consists of a cone of polished tin, reversed and arranged so that its interior can be adjusted towards the sun. In the axis of the vessel is suspended a large flask of white glass, inside of which is a metal boiler covered with lamp black. The rays, concentrated by the mirror-like surface of the cone, traverse the glass easily, and are accumulated on the boiler, in which they speedily produce an ebullition of the water, and steam sufficient to drive a miniature engine. By increasing the dimensions of the apparatus, M. Mouchot has obtained a utilizable force, and produced, after three-quarters of an hour's exposure to the sun, a boiler pressure of sixty pounds of steam.

Varnish for Glass.—Terquem prepares a varnish for glass on which drawings can be made, either with India ink or with ordinary ink. Four parts of gum-mastic and eight parts sandarac are placed in a well-closed bottle, with eight parts of 95 per cent. alcohol, and warmed on a water-bath, then filtered. When used, the glass is heated from 122° to 140°, and the varnish flowed over it. After the drawing is done, it is flowed with a weak solution of gum. The varnish is very hard, and on warm glass it is brilliant and transparent, but when cold it is opaque, and absorbs the ink. It can be employed for putting labels on glass bottles, etc. A thin solution of gelatine applied to a plate of glass, which is supported horizontally until dry, makes a good surface for pen-and-ink drawings for transpaencies.

American Nickel.—A correspondent of the Hartford Post states that the nickel deposit near the Gap, Lancaster County, Pa., is considered the largest yet discovered in the world, and the only deposit worked in America. The mine is on the high dividing line between Chester and Pequea Valley. The nickel was discovered here about the year 1856, though copper, which is taken from the same mine, was known in this locality seventy years ago. The ore has a gray color, is very heavy, and is so hard that it is mined entirely by blasting. After the ore has been broken into small fragments it is put into kilns holding eighty to ninety tons each, and subjected to heat produced at first by the burning of a small quantity of wood, and continued by the conversion of the expelled gas. It is then put into a smelting furnace, and treated similarly to iron ore.

Manufacture of Soap with Salt.—If grease, fat, or rosin, which are commonly employed to make soap, are heated with an excess of common salt, ammonia and water, a soda soap separates, leaving chloride of ammonia in the liquor, together with the excess of ammonia and salt. This reaction is the consequence of the great solubility of ammonia soap in ammoniacal water, and the insolubility of soda soap in water containing more than one-half per cent. of salt. The ammonia at first unites with fatty acids; then the sodium in the salt exchanges places with the ammonia in the soap, forming, as we said, a soda soap and chloride of ammonia. It is essential that there be an excess of ammonia and salt present in order that the reaction take place. One hundred parts of grease require fifteen to twenty parts ammonia, twenty to thirty parts salt, and 200 to 300 of water.

Crystalline Surface for Wood, Paper, etc.—Professor Böttger recommends the following as the simplest method of giving paper and wood surfaces a crystalline coating: Mix a very concentrated cold solution of salt with dextrin, and lay the thinnest possible coating of the fluid on the surface to be covered, by means of a broad, soft brush. After drying, the surface has a beautiful bright mother-of-pearl coating, which, in consequence of the dextrin, adheres firmly to paper and wood. The coating may be made adhesive to glass by doing it over with an alcoholic shellac solution. The following salts are mentioned as adapted to produce the most beautiful crystalline coating, viz.: sulphate of magnesia, acetate of soda, and sulphate of tin. Paper must first be sized, otherwise it will absorb the liquid and prevent the formation of crystals.

A New Fireproof Dress.—Experiments have been made in the grounds of the Alexandra Palace with a new fire-proof dress which Mr. Oernberg, a Swedish mechanic, claims to have invented, and Captain Ahlstrom, a compatriot, to have matured and fitted for practical use—a dress, which, it is stated, will enable the wearer to dash with impunity into the fiercest fire for the purpose of saving life or property. The dress, which very much resembles that worn by divers, is made of strong canvas, double, and so quilted that water can run freely between the outside and inside in all directions. The inner dress has a space between it and the body of the wearer, and Captain Ahlstrom claims for the air that fills this space the character of a perfect non-conductor of heat. Hose worked by the Palace fire brigade were attached, one to the back of the dress and the other to the top of the helmet, and when all was ready the apparently very hazardous performance commenced. A large fire, made with pieces of old wood steeped in petroleum, was lighted, and Captain Ahlstrom, protected by his dress, walked through it without injury.

Properties of Fusible Alloys.—Mr. Walter Spring has presented to the Academy of Sciences of Belgium a memoir on the dilatation and specific heat of fusible alloys, and their relations with the law of the capacity of heat of atoms of simple and compound bodies. This memoir, which has been accepted for publication by the Academy, is both of a theoretical and experimental nature. After reviewing the great works of Dulong, Petit, Regnault, Neumann and others, the author remarks that thus far we have generally admitted that specific heats of bodies depend simply on the temperature, but that he thinks it more likely that they should depend upon two factors, viz., volume and temperature. After developing his views theoretically, he then, by an apparatus which may be considered as an improvement of that used by Kopp, made a series of new determinations, and shows that actually the variations of the specific heat of bodies do depend on their volumes, or, rather, on the variation of their volumes, with temperature; and closes with the suggestion that probably these variations in volume depend upon the interior heat of the body which produces work among its molecules, an opinion which he promises to display in detail in a second memoir.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MAXIMO, the famous clown of the Champs Elysees some twenty years ago, died, on the 2d, at Paris, aged seventy-seven. His real name was Baron Henri di Silberstein.

An exhibition is now holding at the Aquarium, in Westminster, of the collected works of George Cruikshank, who began to draw in 1799 as a child, and is drawing still in 1876 as an octogenarian.

THE family of Sir Isaac Newton is represented by the Earl of Portsmouth, whose ancestor married a daughter of the philosopher's niece; and a mass of Newton's manuscripts have been preserved.

OF Strakosch's opera troupe now singing, Belloc is Russian, Poriani is Italian, Mme. Pulmeri is English, George A. Conly is American, Brignoli is Italian, and Preusser and Henne are Germans.

THOMPSON, a well-known English light-weight jockey, has recently died. His last mount was at the Lewes August meeting, up to which time he had eighty-nine mounts this season, of which he won fifteen.

THE Princess Constance Bonaparte, daughter of Lucien Bonaparte, who took the veil and retired from the world on the downfall of Napoleon III., died on the 5th of September, in the fifty-fourth year of her age.

MR. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS expects to go to Washington next December and occupy his place in the House. He is a gentleman of most brave mettle, with a vitality seemingly above ordinary human life.

THE Rev. Dr. Deems, pastor of the Church of the Strangers of New York city, has been invited to deliver the annual address before the Roanoke Agricultural Society at Weldon, N. C., on the 26th of October.

THE people of Hawke have just placed a bronze bust on the house of a boatman, Durcu, who saved nearly three hundred people from drowning, and—unhappily for himself and Charles Reade—died of exhaustion after his last exploit.

DONA MARGUERITA, wife of Don Carlos, has left Biarritz, in order to take up her residence at Pussy, in the establishment formerly occupied by the Dowager Queen Christina. Don Carlos is expected to join her there at the end of this month.

CAPTAIN JOHN GREENVILLE MCNEIL, a famous Texan pioneer, and one of the little squad of men who captured Santa Anna after the battle of San Jacinto as he was creeping away on all fours through the tall grass, died recently at an advanced age.

THE friends of Dr. J. C. Ayer will be pleased to learn that that gentleman's health is improving. Dr. Ayer is a public-spirited, benevolent man, and has given freely of his great means, in a well-directed and benevolent way, for the benefit and improvement of his fellow-citizens.

DR. WILLIAM A. MUHLBERG, the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, and author of the beautiful hymn, "I would not live away, I ask not to stay," was, September 16th, presented with a purse of \$20,000 by his friends, he having on that day attained the age of eighty years.

JOHN JAY's family pew in the ancient church at Bedford, N. Y., is of the Revolutionary fashion, like those that Hogarth sketched, like that Rachel Warrington so decorously sat in under the eyes of Colouel Washington. It is square, has seats about three sides of it, and a table in the centre.

THE Prince of Lippe-Deimold has brought his subjects to the verge of a revolution. One of his favorite stags having escaped from the Royal Park, his Serene Highness has strictly forbidden each and all of his loyal subjects to kill it. Meanwhile, the stag has dangerously wounded several persons, and means more mischief.

A HARMLESS duel was fought on September 1st, by two ex-officers of the English army, in Belgium. The principals in the affair will shortly appear in the Divorce Court—one, a baronet's only son, as plaintiff, and the other as co-respondent. The arms were pistols, and the distance twelve paces, but both missed, and the seconds declined to allow a second shot.

MRS. WOMBWELL died very recently at London, aged eighty-nine. She was married while very young to Mr. Wombwell, the originator of traveling menageries. The collection was in its infancy, and for a year or two Mrs. Wombwell took the entire charge of the traveling show. Mr. Wombwell died in 1851, and from that date until 1866 his widow carried on the undertaking successfully.

ON the 3d there died at Milan Antonia Luzzi, widow of the unfortunate Leon, Prince of Lusignan and King of Armenia, who died last February. She left six young children wholly without means of support. Three have been taken to public charitable institutions, and the others temporarily adopted by a workman, Jacques Merlini. They are the last of a line which reckoned twelve emperors and thirty kings.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE suggests, as a remedy for lunatic asylum abuses, that a company should build a model asylum with every possible contrivance for the pleasure and relief of the inmates, and then intrust the management of it, under a committee of laymen only, to the best physician who can be found to accept a salary of £1,000 a year, plus an honorarium of £100 for every patient restored to sanity and freedom.

AURELIA DE BOSSA, Princesse de la Tour d'Auvergne, Duchesse de Bouillon, is living in this world as if already in the other. She has built a chapel on the Mount of Olives, on the so-called site of the giving of the Lord's Prayer. In a little side chapel is her tomb, upon which is stretched a beautiful marble effigy of the princess, who can be met walking through the corridors in a semi-nude costume, with a heavy cross hanging by a long gold chain at her side. She lives in a pretty house in the rear of the chapel, and near it she has been building a convent for Carmelite nuns.

THE prospect of the public obtaining much advantage from the gifts of Mr. James Lick are not considered very encouraging at San Francisco. The *Newspaper* of that city, which calls Mr. Lick a "pinchbeck Peabody," says: "The fact has slowly but thoroughly developed that the Lick fund is but the vehicle through which the vagaries of a childish and petulant old man are to periodically afflict the public. The upshot of the whole business will doubtless be a large crop of lawsuits after Mr. Lick's death, and the usual division of his property among heirs and their lawyers."

RAMON CARRERA, Count de Morella, the famous Carlist, is dead, at the age of sixty-six. His mother and three sisters were killed by the Christians, and he took a bloody vengeance for this, laying waste Arragon, Valencia and Andalusia. It is related of Carrera that being closely pursued by the Christians one day, he escaped by leaping his horse over a gully. The charger of his orderly refused the leap, and the soldier was taken prisoner and compelled to shout, "Long live the Queen!" Carrera leaped the chasm again and fell single handed upon the Christians with such fury that they fled; then taking the orderly behind him, he crossed the gap once more—and blew the man's brains out for treachery.

MODERN ART.

ITALIAN SCULPTURE AT THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

BY PROFESSOR ALEXANDER ROSSI.

BEFORE undertaking the review of the best works sent by Italian artists to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, and before giving a sketch of the life of the artists who performed them, I have thought it useful, for the better intelligence of the matter, to set forth, as introductory to the main subject, a few words on the vicissitudes, as to the style or manner, which the Fine Arts, and especially sculpture, underwent in Europe in the different eras from the great Roman epoch to our times, and which exhibit very striking differences.

The admirable works of the ancient Greco-Roman art, of which not a few precious remains are still extant, are well-known all the world over. They are the "Laocoon," the "Apollo-Belvedere," the "Hercules Farnese," the "Gladiator," the "Venus of Milo," and many others, which may be seen at the museums of Rome and other large cities, and which constitute the truly classic style—the Antique.

After the interval of some centuries of obscurity which followed the fall of the Roman Empire, came the Renaissance (from the thirteenth to the fifteenth centuries), which had its origin and progress in Italy, through the efforts and genius of renowned artists, as Cimabue, Giotto, Titian, Raffaello, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, Michael Angelo, Paolo Veronese, Luini, and many other Italian and foreign artists, as Velasquez, Durer, and Vandik, whose works have been, and will always be, the admiration of the world.

But this very brilliant era was followed by an epoch of decline, the causes of which I deem not necessary now to analyze, and which went on increasing in Europe till it reached its maximum in the barocchismo of the seventeenth century.

Towards the end of the last century, however, and in the beginning of this, there appeared a new Renaissance, which is characterized by the diligent study of the sublime models of Greece. Canova, Bartolini, Tenerani, David, Poussin, Puget, Thorwaldsen, Scheffer, Verné, Kaulbach, and many others, are the chief masters of this school.

But even this epoch was very soon followed by a partial decline, known as the school of *classic conventional style*, called also *plagiario*, because it has been unwisely employed in subjects of our own times. It was very fashionable during the last fifty years. The modern school, however, entered, some years ago, a new path, by adopting *manners*, which, without neglecting the sublime inspirations of the ancient classic school, appear more suitable to the reality and genius of our days.

And of such character are the works of many modern artists, and especially sculptors, who handle with equal skill and genius classic subjects, related to ancient history, as well as subjects of contemporary events. This school is called by the name of *genere familiare*. Many and egregious works of this kind, belonging to modern Italian art, are now on exhibition at Philadelphia. Among the works of classic style there are Guarneiro's "Orontes in the Act of Shooting the Virgin Camilla," Corti's "Lucifer," Miglioretti's "Abel," Bragna's "Cleopatra," and Magni's "Angelica." On the contrary,



"L'AFRICAINA."

Borghesi's "Rienzi," Argenti's "The Sleep of Innocence," Barzaghi's "Moses," Calvi's "Othello," Bergonzotti's "The Love of Angels," Bernasconi's "The Repentant Woman," Calvi's "Selica," Peduzzi's "Berenice," Tantarini's "Contemplation," Salvini's "The Daughter of Zion Weeping over the Ruins of Jerusalem," and many other works of great artists, belong to the *sentimentalism* of the fifteenth century.

Among the many works of modern Italian art at the Centennial Exhibition, the following deserve especially the public consideration: Vela's "First Sorrow," Zanoni's "Study and Work," Guarneiro's "Forced Prayer," Bernasconi's "Misfortunes in Infancy," Barzaghi's "The Ambitious Woman," Calvi's "The Rose," Tantarini's "Affection," Barzaghi's "The First Friend," Rossi's "Free Church in a Free State," Caroni's "Sensation of Cold Water," Calvi's "Boldness," Cantalamessa's "Love's Mirror," Caroni's "The Egg," and Cantalamessa's "The Storm."

Modern Art, as everybody knows, is no longer the visionary art of mythology, nor the mysterious one of the past, but it is the art which goes hand-in-hand with the progress of our times, and it is not for the learned men only, but for all classes of people. It will be a perennial glory of our century, because it is skillful and powerful to the highest degree in the various good styles of the past, as the works of De la Roche (the founder of the modern French school of painting), evidently show. His "Cromwell" and his "Duke of Guise" are works of pure modern style; his "Emicicle" and his "St. Cecilia" belong to pure classic style.

As to the distinguished artists of Italy, France, England and Germany, it will be enough to mention only the great founders of modern Art. Such are Vela, Dupré, Boisseau, Magni, Bonheve, Carpeaut, Monteverdi, Bartholdi (among the sculptors); and Morelli, Enduno Brothers, Bertina, Callame, Gérome, Messonier, Stevens, Gallait, Knaus, Doré, Fortuni, Mackar and Rosa Bonheur (among the painters).

J. A. Ward's "West Indian Hunter," and Ball's equestrian statue in Boston, show the progress of the art of sculpture in America. Belly's work belongs to the classic style.

Great praise is due also to American painters, and especially to landscape-painters. Their works now at the Centennial Exhibition show the immense and steady progress which painting is rapidly making in the United States, and I venture to say that they, before long, will vie with the best European artists. H. Herzog, Anna M. Lea, T. Hill, Carl Weber, München, Iword, Brown, Waller Shirlaw, Yosemite, Wally, and Tomping Amentina, are artists of pluck and genius, and deserve all praise and honor.



"PREPARING FOR BED."



"IL RINAPROVERO."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION—THE STATUARY IN THE ART GALLERIES.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

I might have mentioned many other great and renowned Italian artists, who, with their admirable works, keep up the traditional honor and fame of the Fine Arts in Italy, but for brevity's sake I have confined myself to give the name of only a few; and it must be borne in mind that I have written a sketch on modern Art, and not the history of it. Let, therefore, no eminent artist of Italy, or of any other nation, think it a disparagement to his merit if he does not find his name recorded in this paper.

CENTENNIAL HORSES.

THE "MESSENGER" STOCK AT THE LIVE-STOCK SHOW.

THE Live-stock Show, which closed its "Horse and Dog" departments on September 14th, is, as a whole, a most prominent feature of the Exhibition. The Horse Exhibit was not as satisfactory as could have been wished, the great breeding centre of the country, the Blue-grass Region of Kentucky, having but a meagre representation. Of the thoroughbred stallions, the most noted was the celebrated Leamington, the sire of such noted winners as Longfellow, Engineer, Lytleton, Reform and Olitipa. Gasconade, another splendid thoroughbred with the blood of the celebrated Messenger in his veins, now the property of Haller Gross, of Philadelphia, son of the distinguished surgeon Gross, also excited great attention from the admirers of horse-flesh. Speaking of Messenger, our artists have caught with their pencils several of his progeny, and given them illustration in the next page. The display of trotting horses was especially fine in consequence of the presence of the representatives of the great Messenger family, the blood which has done the most for the American trotting turf. Among the most conspicuous members of this family at the Exhibition were many sons of the great Hambletonian, the most successful sire whose veins were full of this blood. Governor Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, entered Montgomery by Alexander's Abdallah, Norfolk by Billy Denton, and others; Bismarck, so speedy in his youth, by Rysdick's Hambletonian, Inkermann by Speedwell Hambletonian, Happy Prince by Happy Medium, and Volunteer Prince by Volunteer, the favorite son of the "Old Hero of Chester," were also conspicuous examples of the Messenger blood. The number of trotting brood-mares was also limited, but there were numerous Percherons, Clydesdales and Walking horses.

CENTENNIAL ROOFING.

EXHIBIT OF THE NEW YORK SLATE ROOFING COMPANY, IN THE EXPOSITION GROUNDS.

NOTHING is more important to the public than a strictly reliable water-tight and fire-proof roof. The most prominent materials in this line are on the building of the New York Slate Roofing Company, near Annex Main Building. A cheap but durable coating, free from tar, had long been a universal want, when, some years ago, the combination of slate, in the form of a paint, was perfected for the protection of rubber roofing. One coat of this special paint applied to shingle roofs fills all holes, pores or cracks; warped or curled shingles it causes to become and remain flat; it makes the roof resemble slate in color and nature. The trifling expense of a single coat will preserve almost worthless shingles for many years, and make them practically fire-proof. It is claimed by the proprietors to be the only reliable paint made that will effectually stop all leaks in flat, shingle or other roofs. On old rusty tin or iron roofs, gutters, etc., it fills all holes or crevices, and proves the

most durable paint for metal surfaces. For new fire-proof roofs, Rubber Roofing far exceeds in beauty and durability any known material for either steep or flat roofs; its cost is half that of shingles; the simplicity of laying it renders any farmer competent, and no practical mechanic is ever necessary; there is no possibility of a leak. These are a few reasons why the materials are used throughout

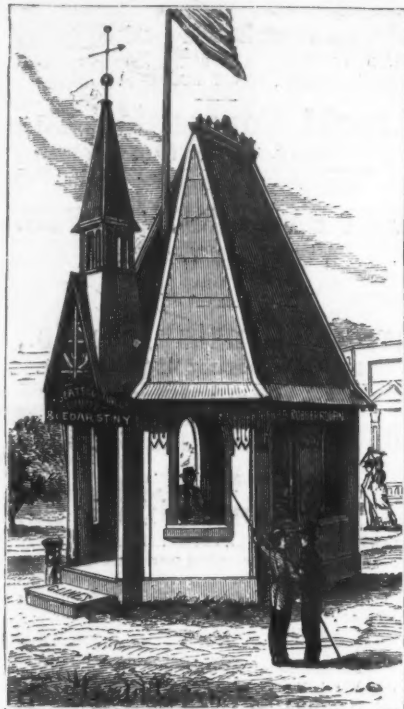
are black. Readers who send their address to New York Slate Roofing Company, 8 Cedar Street, N. Y., will receive a 100-page book free if they mention this paper. Write for it.

Singular Proposals.

THOUGH circumstances will not prevent a man who is in earnest, and who has every reason to expect a favorable reply, from trying his luck, still circumstances are the cause of many a marriage proposal. Some trivial event, scarcely noticed at the time, has often turned the happiness or misery of many more people than the pair immediately concerned. For instance, an elderly man who is ridiculously fond of children has for some reason been prevented from marrying. He travels by chance with a charming little boy and girl, and thinks what he would not give to be able to carry them home with him. He looks at the mother of the children, whom he has scarcely before noticed; she has a mysterious little cap inside her bonnet, which proclaims she is a widow, but not a very recent one. He brightens up; it is like a fairy tale; they find they have "mutual friends." He proposes as soon as he decently can, but is wise enough to say nothing about the children, except that he hopes to make a good parent. He vows, like every one else, that this is the first time that he was ever really in love, and that he felt a victim the moment he looked at her.

Again, a gentleman once confided to an old friend who asked him to tell "all about his marriage," that the wife of his bosom had attained that enviable position simply by choosing at a supper-table *blanc mange* instead of whipped cream. He paid the girl such marked attention on several occasions that he felt she was warranted in expecting him to ask her to marry him. He had no desire to have her for a wife, but he resolved while dancing with her at a ball that she should become the unconscious arbiter of her own fate—in fact, that he would toss with her in dishes instead of half-crowns. If she had said whipped cream, he would have withdrawn from her acquaintance with a peaceful conscience, and never have thought of her again, except to congratulate himself on his escape.

If an old bachelor has been staying at a country house where there is a pretty governess to whom he has been courteous and kind—if, having said "good-by" to her in her lonely school-room, he should discover when he got down-stairs that he left his gloves on her table, and hurrying back for them find her in a confused mass among the sofa cushions, sobbing convulsively—he must, in common decency, ask her what is the matter—even insist on knowing. If she replies that her tears flow because she has no home, what alternative has he but to try to comfort her, lose his train, and ask her to share his home even if that be only lodgings? Every one knows numberless instances where a broken bone or even a sick headache has led to a proposal, and shipwrecks and railway accidents are sometimes excellent matchmakers.

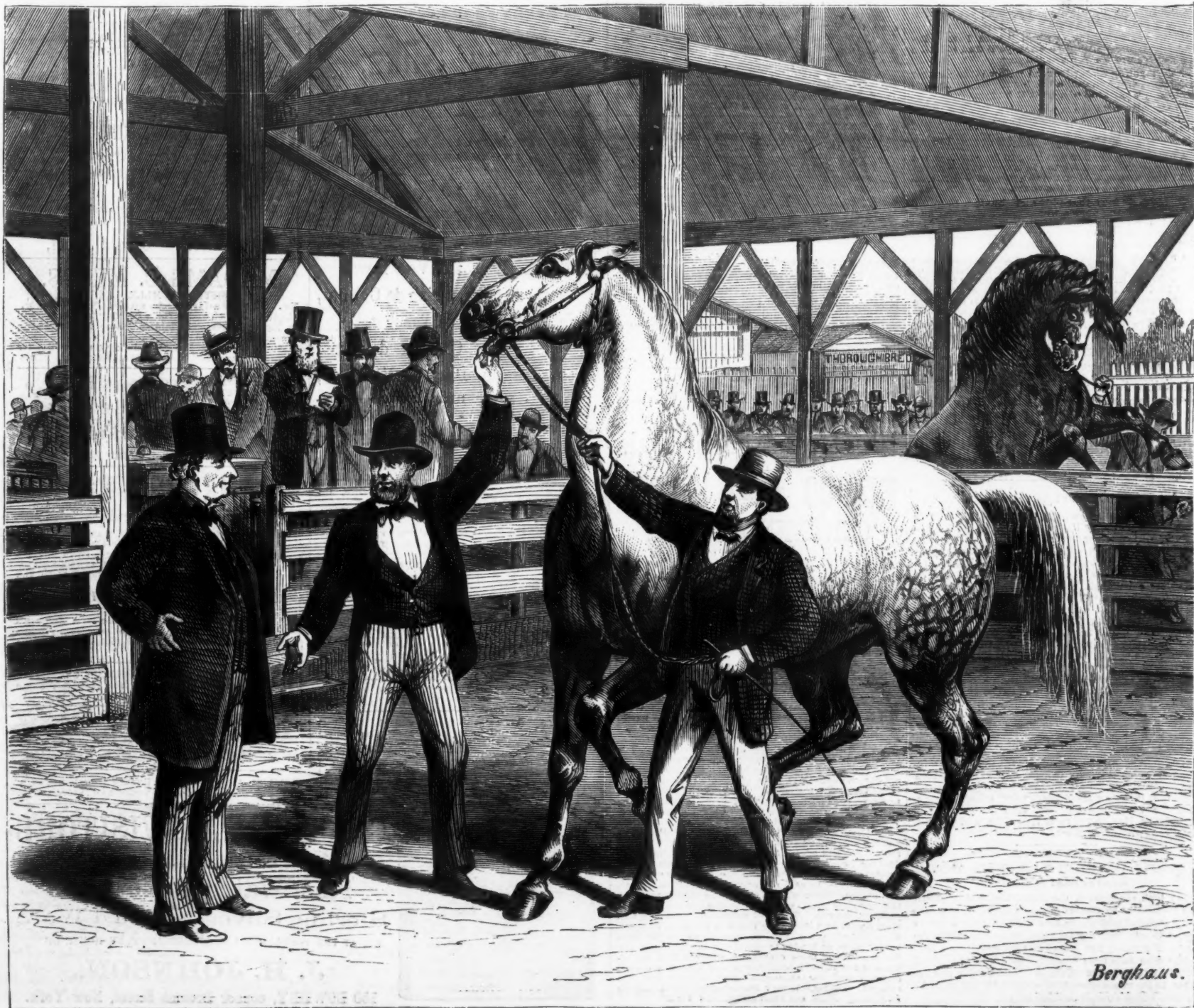


PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION. EXHIBIT OF THE NEW YORK SLATE ROOFING COMPANY IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.—SEE PAGE 76.

the United States, and quantities daily shipped to foreign countries. Many of the largest Government buildings, also theatres, bridges, factories, foundries and corporations use nothing else. The finest dwellings, as well as the smallest barns, have it on; the saving in insurance alone for a fire-proof roof almost pays for the material. These genuine articles must not be confounded with the numerous worthless imitations which contain tar, and



NEW YORK.—REMOVAL OF THE HELL GATE OBSTRUCTIONS.—FIXING THE CARTRIDGES IN THE DRILLS. SEE PAGE 71.



Berghaus.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—THE CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.—EXAMINATION OF "MESSENGER" STOCK HORSES AT THE JUDGES' PAVILION, IN THE STOCK-YARD.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

The stage is a prolific field, in connection with which peculiar gentlemen and sentimental ladies begin the uncertain performance of popping the question. Sometimes the direction of a curl, now the deportment, then the tone of the voice, awaken those sympathies which ripen into affection, and too often end in shipwreck of love and hope.

The Arms of Glasgow.

OVER the arms of Glasgow interpreters differ, as much as philologists do over the name. The shield bears an oak, with a bird on, and a bell hanging from one of its branches, and a fish, with a ring in its mouth, across the trunk. Learned pundits affirm that the oak is the city; and the bird indicates the fine air, as the fish does the produce of the Clyde; while the bell stands for the cathedral, and the ring symbolizes the happy union of all classes! More learned Thebans read in the hieroglyphic the story of a murdered maiden: the singing of the bird discovered the murderer; the fish with the ring, the place of the murder; the bell does duty for the bell-ropes, by which the assassin tried to escape; and the oak represents the tree, on a branch of which the rope got entangled, and the assassin was thereby hanged! Laconic scholars briefly remark, "Ring and fish refer to St. Peter; and there is nothing more to be said about it!" Then comes the romantic interpreter, who tells you a legend of a lady who in crossing the Clyde lost her wedding-ring; but her ungrateful husband accused her of having bestowed it on some lover. The virtuous lady told her story to St. Kentigern, or Mungo. The sympathizing saint went down to the Clyde, and seeing a fisherman in mid-stream just about to commence fishing, Mungo called to him, "I'll trouble you to hand me the first fish you happen to catch"; and when this was done, behold, the ring was in the fish's mouth! It was forwarded to the suspicious husband, and he "supposed it must be all right;" but he asked, "After all, what does it prove?" which, in those days, when saints did that sort of thing, was considered very bad manners. There is one circumstance connected with the arms of the city which must not be forgotten—the shield has a motto. It is familiar to us all as "Let Glasgow Flourish," but this is only a mutilation of the old legend, which was, "O Lord! let Glasgow flourish according to the preaching of Thy Word." The Glasgow bodies have wiped out the Lord and the Word, and one would like to know who the daring innovator was who thought to get on without such aid and succor.

FUN.

WHAT men want of reasons for their opinion they usually supply and make up in rage.

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

A WOMAN who makes a practice of borrowing a quart of milk usually makes a pint of returning it.

CALL the next baby Elaine, after Tennyson's heroine. Then, when she is cross, call her the Mad-elaine.

THE pensive mule is not usually regarded as susceptible to pathetic emotions. And yet he occasionally drops a mule-tear.

"You want nothing, do you?" said Pat. "Bedad, an' if it's nothing ye want, ye'll find it in the jug, where the whisky was."

A CITY young man who read "Now is the time for husking bees," chased a bee for fifteen minutes to ascertain what kind of a husk it had on.

DISCUSSION between a wise child and its tutor: "That star you see up there is bigger than this world." "No, it isn't." "Yes, it is." "Then why doesn't it keep the rain off?"

A LAWYER at the bar was held to be in contempt for simply making a motion in court. It was ascertained, however, that he made a motion to throw an inkstand at the head of the court.

A LITTLE four-year-old girl having been instructed that the angels were clothed in white, surprised her parents by the remark, after a recent shower followed by fleecy clouds, that the angels were hanging out their clothes to dry.

A NEW JERSEY man shot at a cat and brought down his wife the first time. The most singular part of the affair is, the wounded woman actually believes that he aimed at the cat. One of the most beautiful characteristics of a wife is the unswerving confidence she places in the word of her husband.

TOMMY (who has been allowed a seat at table on the occasion of a tea party, and is scrutinizing the engraving on his teaspoon, which is odd—"Why mother, those spoons were on Aunt Jane's supper table the other night, when Cousin Fred had his party." A "look" from the maternal and a smile all around.

"MR. TOMPKINS," said a young lady who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangle, "you remind me of a barometer that is filled with nothing in the upper story." "Divine Julia," meekly replied her adorer, "in thanking you for that compliment let me remind you that you occupy my upper story."

FALL AND WINTER FASHIONS!!

FRANK LESLIE'S Complete Catalogue of "Lady's Journal" Cut Paper Fashions is now ready for distribution. It numbers over 100 pages, and contains illustrations of new, choice and elegant costumes for ladies' and children's entire wardrobes, together with the useful and standard styles wanted in every household. Cloth covers will be mailed post free on receipt of 75 cents; paper covers, 50 cents. We also furnish a condensed size of Fall and Winter Catalogue, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of a three-cent stamp. Our Semi-annual Fashion Plate, representing the latest importation of cloaks, polonaises, basques, jackets, over-kirts, etc., will be mailed at the rate of \$1 for colored, or 50 cents for the uncolored, plate. Address for any of the above, Frank Leslie's Cut Paper Pattern Department, 238 Broadway, N. Y.

CERTAINLY WORTH INVESTIGATING.

THE immense practical advantages of the new invention of the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine Company—their new automatic sewing-machine—different in principle from every other sewing-machine manufactured. On view at Centennial Machinery Hall, Section C 7, Col. 50, and at No. 658 Broadway, New York.

THE LAFAYETTE RESTAURANT.

THE high character of the above place is well known and appreciated by visitors to the Grounds. The cuisine is equal to Delmonico's, in New York, and the servants are white men, who pay the most polite attention to the wants of guests. The proprietors are well-known merchants who have been connected with the interests of Philadelphia for years. They have just added a new addition to the establishment in order to make room for visitors, whose number increases daily.

Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier. Indorsed by the fashionable world. 48 Bond St., N. Y., and of druggists. \$1.50 per bottle.

Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court Street, Boston, Mass. A reliable Physician. Consultation, by mail or at office, free. Office hours from 11 to 3.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts.—The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength. They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the fictitious fruit flavors now in the market.

Visitors to the International Exposition at Philadelphia should not fail to see the "Fisher Refrigerator," now on exhibition and in operation at K 11 Agricultural Hall. Address, J. Hyde Fisher, P. O. Box 170, Chicago, Ill.

Landscape Gardening.—Geo. T. N. Cottam, formerly of the Central Park, lays out parks and pleasure-grounds, and attends to gardening operations generally. Address by letter, care of Frank Leslie, Esq., 537 Pearl Street, N. Y., to whom advertiser refers by permission.

When Professor Tyndall, the celebrated materialistic scientist, called his young wife the other morning "a protoplasm of cosmic force," she was so indignant that in order to prevent her going home to her mother, he had to promise to give her a handsome gold necklace. The order will probably be given to F. J. Nash, No. 781 Broadway, up-stairs, opposite Stewart's.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100. E. & H. T. ARNOLD & Co., 501 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megalectoscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

WINCHESTER'S SPECIFIC PILL.

A certain and speedy cure for NERVOUS DEBILITY, WEAKNESS, etc., thoroughly tested for 30 years with perfect success. TWO TO SIX Boxes are generally sufficient to effect a radical cure. For further information, etc., SEND FOR CIRCULAR. \$1 per box; six boxes \$5, by mail, securely sealed, with full directions for use. Prepared only by WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 John Street, New York. P. O. Box 2430.

PERFECTION!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
L. FUNK, Jr., Sole Agent, No. 78 John St., New York. P. O. Box, 1023.

ABYSSINIAN GOLD JEWELRY.

THE GENTS' JEWELRY CASKET contains one set Sleeve Buttons, one Heavy Vest Chain, one Collar Button, one set of Shirt Studs, one very Heavy Ring, one Bosom Pin. Every article is manufactured of Solid Abyssinian Gold. This Casket will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents. Three Tickets, \$1.25. Address all orders to

WOOD & SCOTT, Box 3,708, New York.

25 Extra Fine Mixed Cards, with name, 10 cents, post paid. L. JONES & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

33 ENTERPRISE PRINTING PRESSES. A great success. Four sizes. Send stamp for Catalogue to J. COOK & CO., West Meriden, Conn.

75 VISITING CARDS, NO 2 Alike, 1 name 30 cts. and 3rd. stamp. 4 packs 4 names, \$1. With one pack for samples you can obtain 20 names per hour easily. Best and prettiest lot of cards ever seen. If not more than satisfied, I will refund your money. Sent by return mail. Common cards at unheard-of rates. Agent's circular, a list of 240 styles of cards, 100 samples of type, etc., with each order. Address, W. C. CANNON, 712 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

COLT'S NEW MODEL 7-Shot Revolver. Weight 7 oz.; shoots 22 long or short cartridge, and warranted. Price \$5.00; also a 7-shot Revolver, full Nickel plated, \$3.50. Either of the above sent by mail on receipt of price, or C.O.D. sent 10 ct. for 80-page Catalogue of Guns, Pistols, Fishing Tackle, Base-ball and Sporting Goods. FISH & IMPSON, 132 Nassau St., N.Y.

SUBSCRIBE TO ONE OF
Frank Leslie's
Illustrated Periodicals
\$5,000 THIRD \$5,000
CENTENNIAL GIFT.

Two \$750 Pianos,
4 \$60 Singer Family Sewing Machines,
1 \$250 Parlor Organ,
403 Other Valuable Presents.

July 4th, 1876, to Dec. 25th, 1876.

In consequence of the Popular favor with which our first and second distributions, made February 22d and July 4th, 1876, were received, we have decided to have a third distribution on Dec. 25, when we will distribute presents, including two \$750 Pianos, a \$250 Parlor Organ, and other articles of substantial value, to the aggregate value of \$5,000. Every annual subscriber to any of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspapers and Magazines, entered on our mailing-books between July 1st and December 25th, 1876, will participate in this distribution. The name of each subscriber is registered in our mailing books, and a printed slip attached to each paper mailed. These slips will be placed in the box and as many of the same drawn as presents to be distributed. The first draw will receive the first prize, and so until all prizes are given away. We will send out no tickets, but the names of all drawing presents with the names of presents will be printed on an extra sheet, and one mailed to every annual subscriber to each of our various publications, etc. The present drawn will be sent to the address to which the paper is sent, unless otherwise ordered by the party in interest. This will overcome the delay that often occurs by a loss of the Ticket in the mail, or otherwise. Subscriptions may be sent direct to the publishing office, or handed to any of our canvassing agents. We can employ more canvassers, who will find our attractive and valuable publications, our elegant premium chromos and our Centennial gifts, sure to win subscribers. Address, AGENCY DEPARTMENT, Frank Leslie's Publishing House, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

SILKS.

A. T. Stewart & Co.

ARE MAKING A GRAND EXHIBIT OF LYONS SILKS, MANUFACTURED UNDER THEIR SPECIAL SUPERVISION, and INTENDED EXPRESSLY FOR THEIR RETAIL SALES, CONSISTING OF

THE VARIOUS GRADES OF

Black Silks,

Persan, Cachemere du Rhone, Isabella, Household, Alhambra, Family, Alcazar, Hand Woven, Extra Sublime and Grand Royale,

COMPOSED OF THE BEST and SELECTED STOCKS OF CEVENNES and PIEDMONT, and ORDERED PREVIOUS to the ENORMOUS ADVANCE in the PRICE of RAW MATERIAL.

Colored Silks,

IN the MOST ELEGANT and RARE TINTS, ADAPTED FOR EVENING, COSTUME and CARRIAGE WEAR, MANY SHADES of which are ENTIRELY NEW to THIS COUNTRY, being SHOWN SIMULTANEOUSLY with their APPEARANCE at the ATELIERS of the MOST CELEBRATED COUTURIERES of PARIS, such as

Blanc Rose, Creme de Rose, Ciel d'Aurora, Arc en Ciel, Cascade, Paille, Manille, Chair, Sourire, Eglantine, Tilleul and Cardinal Etoile.

IN EVERY GRADE and QUALITY.

Fancy Silks,

FROM the NEAT and MODEST MILLE RAYE and PETIT CADRILLE, CONSIDERED so INDISPENSABLE for HOUSEHOLD WEAR, to the HAUTES NOUVEAUTES, which the LOOMS and TASTE of the LYONS ARTIST ALONE CAN PRODUCE, comprising SOME of the MOST ORIGINAL and RECHERCHE DESIGNS, as

Brocatele, Venetienne, Satin Jeune, Broderie Palmas, Brilliantine Lachesse, Vert Royal, Nette Armure, Reine de Culthus, Serge Merlin, Gro de Touchet, Chasseur de Lama,

Velour Persian, Drap de Nestorian, FORMING A MOST BRILLIANT and UNRIVALED DISPLAY OF PERFECTION and ART.

Broadway, 4th Ave., 9th & 10th Sts.

KEEP'S CUSTOM SHIRTS made to measure, the VERY BEST, 6 for \$9. KEEP'S PATENT PARTLY-MADE DRESS SHIRTS, the VERY BEST, 6 for \$7. Samples and full directions mailed free to any address. KEEP MANF'G CO., 168 & 167 Mercer St., N. Y.

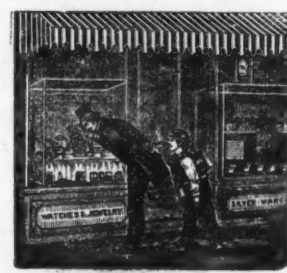
SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY who have tried in vain every advertised remedy will learn of a simple cure by addressing DAVIDSON & CO., No. 86 Nassau St., N. Y.

Prof. Hall's Magic Compound is the only preparation, one package of which will force the beard to grow thick and heavy on the smoothest face (without injury) in 21 days in every case, or money cheerfully refunded. 25 cents per package, postpaid; 3 for 50 cents. E. W. JONES, Ashland, Mass.

ILL. CATALOGUE OF ARTICLES FOR Free. BOSTON NOVELTY CO., Mass. AGENTS

\$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 36 best selling articles in the world. One sample free. Address, JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

NO MONEY We will start you in a business you can make \$50 a week without capital; easy and respectable for either sex. Agents Supply Co., 261 Bowery, N. Y.



CENTENNIAL VISITORS

WILL FIND THE BEST ASSORTMENT OF

Fine Watches, Jewelry, Sterling Silver & Plated Ware AT THE POPULAR & LOW-PRICED JEWELRY HOUSE OF

J. H. JOHNSON,

150 BOWERY, corner Broome Street, New York.

FALL NOVELTIES

In every description of

Rich Laces,

IN SETS AND BY THE YARD.

Made-up LACES of every description.

Paris Embroideries, EM'ED, INITIAL, COL'D BORDERED AND PLAIN HEM'D HDKFS, FANCY RUCHINGS, Etc., Etc.

Arnold, Constable & Co., Broadway, corner 19th Street.

Bargains in Chosson & Co's BEST PARIS KID GLOVES.

1 Button, sizes ranging from 5½ to 6¼—50 CENTS PER PAIR 6¼ to 7 —75 do. do.

Arnold, Constable & Co., Broadway, corner 19th Street.

Fancy and Plain Fabrics for COSTUMES & HOUSE DRESSES AT RETAIL.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

Have now open their FALL IMPORTATION OF ENGLISH and FRENCH DRESS GOODS, DAMASSE and RAYE CAMEL'S HAIR and VIGOGNES IN FANCY MIXED and CLOTH COLORS, new shades.

"DRAP DE ROUBAIX," "DRAP DE PARIS," "JACQUARD CASHMERES," "WOOL MATELASSE," BASKET CLOTHS, and full lines of NEW COLORINGS in PLAIN CASHMERES, MERINOES, ETC., ETC.

Broadway, corner 19th Street.

MOURING DEPARTMENT.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

Respectfully call attention to their large importation of

Black Dress Goods,

Comprising all the best MATERIALS for FALL and WINTER WEAR, suitable for DEEP and LIGHT MOURNING.

BOMBAZINES, CREPE CLOTHS, HENRIETTA CLOTHS, BARATHEAS, IMPERIAL SERGES, PARMATTAS, TAMESE CLOTHS, DELAINES, CAMEL'S HAIR CLOTHS, "COURTAULD'S" GRAPES and GRAPE VAILS, FINE, MEDIUM and LOW PRICED CASHMERES, MERINOES, DRAP D'ETE, ETC. NOVELTIES in PLAIN and BROCADED SICILIENNES, CASHMERES, SERGES, MOHAIRS, ETC.

A large line of ALPACAS and BRILLIANTINES.

GREATLY REDUCED IN PRICE.

Together with a fine assortment of MOURNING HANDKERCHIEFS, COLLARS, SETS, RUCHINGS, SCARFS, ETC., ETC.

BROADWAY, corner 19th Street.

MADAME C. MEARS,

ASSISTED BY Mlle. L. SEE.

No. 323 Madison Avenue, New York. English, French and German Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. Reopens Wednesday, September 27th, 1876.

Private classes in French and German every day for Ladies who have finished their school education.

If you want to do your own printing, to save or make money, send for a Circular. If you want a Superior Book of Type, set, and three cents. We are the oldest house in the country in the business, and have the cheapest and best hand and self-inking printing presses. We sell a very good press for TWO DOLLARS. Miniature printing office for FIVE DOLLARS. YOUNG AMERICA PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

BANKRUPT SALE

OF MILTON GOLD JEWELRY.

We will send you on receipt of fifty cents, one pair elegant engraved sleeve-buttons, one set spiral studs, one beautiful coral scarf-pin, one gent's watch-chain, and one heavy wedding-ring. Above lot used to retail \$5.50. Four lots will be sent post-paid on receipt of \$1.50, and 12 lots for \$4. Address, W. W. BELL & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, etc.—A Sufferer's experience, warning and rules of cure given in a pamphlet. Mailed free by Dr. J. M. DAGNALL, 63 Fulton Street, New York, P. O. Box 3,848.

OPIUM EATERS EASILY CURED BY one that has used it for 13 years. Address Jos. A. Dunn, Elizabethport, N. J.

Imitation Gold Watch. \$15, \$20 and \$25 each. 4 chains \$2 to \$12.10 each. Jewelry of the same. Sent C. O. D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 23 Broadway, New York. Box 3666.

BIG PAY To sell our RUBBER PRINTING STAMPS. Terms free. Taylor & Co., Cleveland, O.

SCHECK'S MANDRAKE PILLS

For Bilious Complaints.

"THE BRUNSWICK,"
Boylston, Corner Clarendon Street,
Boston, Mass.

This new and commodious structure is now completed and ready for the reception of guests. The house is fire-proof, and contains every modern improvement, including a passenger and baggage elevator. It is elegantly furnished, is centrally located, in the most fashionable part of the city, near the Public Garden, Library and Common, and as convenient to the Railroad Depots and Theatres as any first-class Hotel in the city.

No pains or money will be spared to make the Brunswick take rank with the best hotels in this country. Horse-cars pass the doors. J. W. Wolcott, Prop'r.

ARLINGTON HOTEL,

Hot Springs, Ark.



S. H. STITT & CO.,
Proprietors.

This elegant establishment, recently constructed, with ample accommodations for 200 guests, offers unusual attractions and inducements to the public. It is the only hotel at the Hot Springs that can claim pre-eminence as a first-class house of entertainment, being the best regulated and best sustained in the South.

THE ARLINGTON
Is supplied with all the comforts, conveniences and luxuries of modern times, and boasts the latest improvements in the art of hospitality.

By a recent decision of the U. S. Supreme Court, the title to the Hot Springs Reservation is declared to be in the United States, and a Receiver appointed by the Court has taken charge of and rented the property to its occupants. The town of Hot Springs is now incorporated, and its affairs are administered with a commendable vigor and efficiency.



PERFUMES,
Warranted the Finest Goods Made.

PIANOS
If you desire to purchase a piano or an organ, or exchange an old instrument for a new, you will find it to your advantage to send for Catalogue and terms to J. W. FRENCH & CO., Piano and Warehouse, 20 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

25 CARDS—10 styles, with your name. 10c.

PARISIAN DIAMONDS.

The real diamond comes from Mexico, from Africa, and Brazil, and was heretofore supposed to be inimitable in hardness and brilliancy, but the PARISIAN DIAMONDS, of pure crystal, with a coating of diamond on the surface, are as bright, as lasting and as beautiful as any gems of the first water ever taken from the mines of Golconda. For sale only at RICHARD HUMPHREY'S jewelry store, No. 779 Broadway, opposite Stewart's, New York. Goods sent C. O. D., with privilege to examine before paying for them. Send for illustrated price-list. I have no agents.

NOW READY,
LIVES AND PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
Samuel J. Tilden

AND
THOMAS A. HENDRICKS,
Democratic Nominees for President and Vice-President of the United States.

WITH PORTRAITS AND NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.
By C. EDWARDS LESTER,
Author of "Our First Hundred Years," "Life and Public Services of Charles Sumner," etc., etc.

"... It is ably written, is full of interesting data, and is altogether one of the best arguments in favor of the principles it advocates that could be suggested to readers."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

"... Written from material furnished by the distinguished statesmen, and by their authority. Every one is anxious to learn of the early life, public acts, private virtues and exemplary careers of the Reform Governor and the Constitutional Advocate. The volume gives the proceedings of the Convention at St. Louis, the Addresses, Letters of Acceptance, with the Leading Speeches of Governor Tilden during his long and earnest battles for reform, and contests with and victory over the New York Tammany Ring and the Great Canal Combination.

Price, in paper covers 50 cts.
Price, in cloth covers \$1.00
For sale at all Bookstores, or sent postpaid to any address in the United States on receipt of price.

Frank Leslie's Publishing House,
537 PEARL STREET, N. Y.



THE GREAT EXPLOSION.

INTERESTED PARTIES JUST OUTSIDE OF HELL GATE WAITING TO STRIKE UP THE CHORUS, "GLASS PUT IN!"



"WHAT WILL Tarrant's Seltzer Aperient

Cure?" asks the sufferer from a multitude of diseases. We answer: It will remove from the system the active cause of most of the diseases that flesh is heir to. It won't mend a broken limb, nor close a bullet-hole; but it may be profitably used in stomachic diseases. It will do no one any harm, and may do much good. Try it, and see if it won't suit your case.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRENCH & CO. PIANOFORTES,

Square and Upright.

Special discount to Clergymen, Teachers and Schools. Pianos taken in exchange. Agents wanted in every town of the United States. Send for Catalogues. Pianos sold on installments. Address, J. W. FRENCH & CO., 20 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

TILDEN OR HAYES
Campaign Outfits.
CAPES, CAPS OR HATS,
TORCHES, LANTERNS,
All kinds;
BELTS, BADGES, CHARMS, Etc.
A COMPLETE OUTFIT, consisting of Colored Cape and Cap, Swing Torch and Stick, only \$1.50 per man.
WARD B. SNYDER,
Manufacturer,
84 Fulton Street, N. Y.

COMFORT FOR THE FEET.

All who would have feet free from corns, dress the feet with a view to health, good taste and comfort. Shoes made on our lasts, modeled from nature—an essentially different style—and latest improvements. They press the foot evenly, giving elasticity in walking, and by the ingenuity of their construction they appear smaller than they really are, giving an elegant appearance even to the largest and clumsiest feet.

EUGENE FERRIS & SON,
81 Nassau Street, West Side, N. Y.

EXCELSIOR
LATEST IMPROVEMENT.
Double Treadle, including one doz. Saws, thirty Inimitable Prot. Sawing Patterns and Prepared Wood, to the value of \$4.
A new device for lightening Saw, Power Drilling attachment, Wrench, Oil cup and Screw driver. Speed, 200 strokes per minute. Saws 1 1/2 inch thick. Price, complete, cased and delivered on board cars or at Express office, 12 Dollars.
SMALL STEAM-ENGINES,
with copper Boiler, to drive light Lathes, Scroll Saws, etc. 100 Scroll Work Designs free on receipt of stamp.
GEORGE PARR,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

POLITICAL GOODS, FLAGS, LANTERNS,

TORCHES,
EXCELSIOR
FIREWORKS,
Etc.
Detwiller, Street & Co.
MANUFACTURERS,
No. 9 Dey St., N. Y.

Improved Field, Marine, Opera and Tourist's Glasses,
Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Artificial Human Eyes. H. WALDSTEIN, Optician, 545 Broadway, N. Y. Catalogues mailed by inclosing stamp.

Pommery "Sec" Champagne.

SENT FREE,

Samples of Cloths, Fashion-Plate, with full directions for ordering Clothing by mail—At guaranteed—by

Freeman & Woodruff
(A. Freeman, late of Freeman & Burr).

CLOTHIERS, 341 Broadway, New York.

GUNS of every Description, Style, and Price. \$3 to \$250.
REVOLVERS, 5, 6 and 7 Shooters, from \$3 to \$35.

All Kinds of Sportsmen's Goods.
Write for Price-list to
GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

SAVE \$20.00
BUY THE
WORLD RENOWNED
WILSON
SHUTTLE SEWING
MACHINE
THE BEST AND
CHEAPEST FIRST
CLASS MACHINE
IN THE WORLD
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

AGENTS WANTED
FOR UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY TO WHOM WE OFFER UNPRECEDENTED INDUCEMENTS. FOR FULL PARTICULARS, TERMS &c., ADDRESS WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO. CHICAGO. 827 & 829 BROADWAY, N. Y., OR NEW ORLEANS.

WE CAN'T BE BEAT. 20 Address Cards, no two alike, your name on all, and a 40 column paper with list of 150 styles, 13 Cts. Agents wanted. Samples of paper and cards, 3 cts. G. B. ULLMAN, 12 Winter St., Boston.

THE PERFORMING SKELETON,
14 inches in height. It will dance in perfect time to any tune; falls down, rises, walks, bows, &c. &c., as requested, seemingly endowed with life; defying detection, it never fails to delight, astonish, and produce a decided sensation. Price reduced to 15 cts. 2 for 25 cts. Mailed, post-paid. Address EUREKA TRICK AND NOVELTY CO., 39 Ann St., New York, Box 4614.

DO YOU WANT A NEW HEATER?

S. J. Gold's "PERFECT" HEATER is the BEST; Wrought-Iron; Durable; Simple; Economical. CHEAP; warranted. Send for circular and estimates.

S. J. Gold Heater Company,
93 Liberty St., N. Y.

BLANCARD'S PILLS

Of Iodide of Iron. Used for 25 years as a tonic for Scrofulous and debilitated constitutions and female and other disorders, resulting from poorness or impurity of the blood.

Sold by Druggists everywhere.

HENKELL & CO. HOCK WINES.

Journu Freres Claret Wines.

CHARLES GRAEF, Sole Agent,
66 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

HALLET DAVIS & CO

PIANOS

LEAD THE WORLD.
SEE EXHIBITION AT CENTENNIAL.

Send for Catalogue. Pianos taken in exchange. Agents wanted.

Address, J. W. FRENCH & CO., Wholesale and Retail Warerooms, 20 East 14th Street, N. Y. Boston Warerooms, 484 Washington Street.

B. T. BABBITT'S BABY SOAP.

Only the purest and most reliable oils used in its manufacture. No artificial and deceptive odors to cover common and deleterious ingredients. UNWASHED FOR THE TOLLY AND THE BATH. Used in bathing children, will prevent eruptions, keep the skin soft and smooth, contribute to health, and prevent disease. Does away with all powders, chalk or other emollients. A certain preventive of chafing, itching, &c., in babies, the causes of half the crying and crossness of babyhood. Worth ten times its cost to every mother and family in Christendom; packed in boxes of 12 cakes, of 6 cts. each, and sent free to any address on receipt of \$2.50. Address B. T. Babbitt, New York City. For Sale by all Druggists.

DELMONICO'S REMOVAL.

L. DELMONICO

HAS REMOVED

From 5th Avenue and 14th Street to
Broadway, 5th Ave. and 26th St.

(MADISON SQUARE).

MONDAY, SEPT. 11th.

PHELPS, DODGE & CO.,

IMPORTERS OF METALS,
TIN-PLATE, SHEET-IRON, COPPER, BLOCK-TIN,
WIRE, Etc.
CLIFF ST., between John and Fulton, NEW YORK.

A NEW BOOK IN PRESS.

Jules Verne's New Story,
MICHAEL STROGOFF,

From Moscow to Irkoutsk,

Translated from the French by E. G. Walraven,

Is now in press, and will be for sale at all news-stands and book-stores. The book is beautifully illustrated, bound in stiff paper covers, and sold at the popular price,

20 CENTS.

Be sure to buy and read this best work of this most remarkable writer. Admirers of "The Mysterious Island," "Three Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," "From the Earth to the Moon," etc., etc., have a rich treat before them in

Michael Strogoff.

Ask your newdealer for it, or send 20 cents, and receive the book by return mail, postpaid. Address,

Frank Leslie, Publisher, 537 Pearl St. N. Y.